

The **H** *Magazine for the Christian Home*
earthstone

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- **What God Expects of Us** — *Leta Egan*
- **The Christian in Teaching** — *Charles C. Tillinghast*

MARCH, 1953 — 25c

The Magazine for the Christian Home

Hearthstone

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Through a Rear-View Mirror

The pre-Easter season, observed in various ways as a time for repentance, by fasting, by foregoing pleasure, or even by wearing mourning, is a good time to review past actions, to examine one's attitudes and one's beliefs. For, said Kierkegaard, "we live life forward, but we understand it backward." The child, according to Gesell, "learns backward rather than forward." He learns to undress before he learns to dress; he learns to take food out of his mouth before he learns to put it in. And man always learns by past experience.

Because man is backward-learning and backward-understanding, he is helpless without a strong sustaining faith and clear-cut rules to follow. In the New Commandment (see p. 1), Jesus gave us an all-encompassing, simple rule for life. Scientists accept its importance, and today, after long years of directing slavish adherence to schedules and rules, child experts stress the child's need for parental love. Lacking that love, they have discovered, the child learns to talk later and to walk later than one who knows he is loved.

● **This Issue . . .** The New Commandment might well be called the theme for this issue. The sleeping child on the cover suggests security through love. Love is the basic requirement in "What God Expects of Us." And how could "Family Nights at Home" be fun or how could there be "Good Times in the Home" without love to generate enthusiasm? Love is the theme of the fiction; it is the key in "We Can Help War-Tense Youth" and in "Helping a Child Appreciate Being Adopted." It explains the successful rehabilitation of unwed mothers in "The Land of Beginning Again."—When "Bobby Meets the Budget" he finds the hidden ways of love. And, we feel sure, love for their work inspired the artists to produce the masterpieces "The Lord's Supper," by Bloch (p. 1), and "Monks Reading," by Barlach (p. 2), the latter generously contributed by the Art Institute of Chicago.

● **Next Month . . .** The Easter issue . . . We are as excited as a child on an Easter egg hunt! A full-color religious masterpiece will grace our cover! And inside? See page 40 . . . Our space is all! —I. P. B.

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—Carl Bloch

THE LAST SUPPER

A Word from The Word

"A new commandment I give to you, that you love one another; even as I have loved you, that you also love one another. By this all men will know that you are my disciples, if you have love for one another."—John 13:34-35.

A New Commandment

"This is my commandment, that you love one another as I have loved you. Greater love has no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. You are my friends if you do what I command you. No longer do I call you servants, for the servant does not know what his master is doing; but I have called you friends, for all that I have heard from my Father I have made known to you. You did not choose me, but I chose you and appointed you that you should go and bear fruit and that your fruit should abide; so that whatever you ask the Father in my name, he may give it to you. This I command you, to love one another."—John 15:12-17.

BY LETA EGAN

*Director of Children's Work
for the Disciples of
Christ in Southern California*



Courtesy of the Art Institute of Chicago

*Bronze, by Ernst Barlach
German, 1870-1938*

MONKS READING

*It's an age-old question
this writer discusses.
Retreat into a monastery
was once the answer
given. But what shall
the answer be if we
believe, as most of us do,
that we should remain
in the stream of life
about us?*

WHAT GOD EXPECTS OF US

DOWN through the centuries people—men, women, youth—have asked and have tried to answer to their own satisfaction, “What does God expect of us? What does God expect of me?” Now and then, persons have done unbelievable things and have explained them by saying, “God told me to do it.” Also, some persons have taken little responsibility for self-protection, saying, “God will take care of me!” This is certainly a way of relieving ourselves of personal accountability—selfishly blaming God for mistakes and wrongdoing, and revealing what we expect of God.

However, our greatest concern is that children come to have a wholesome understanding of what God expects of them, that they may grow in companionship with Him, being increasingly able to make right

choices and to turn to God for help at all times. We, as parents, as teachers and friends of children, have a great responsibility in this important task of guiding them Godward. What does God expect of *US*?

God expects us to be mature adults in our relationships at home, in our relationships with one another in the church, and in our business dealings. Much of the unhappiness in families today for which children pay so dear a price is caused by the immaturity of adults in the home. Newspapers every day carry startling stories of broken homes involving children. The tragedy is, of course, that stories which are published may be repeated a hundred-fold, with variations affecting boys and girls in greater or lesser degree. One asks, "What does God expect of us in the matter of helping others to 'grow up'?" Would that we all might have, and help others to have, the mind of Paul when he wrote, "When I was a child, I spoke like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child; when I became a man (a mature adult), I gave up childish ways" (1 Cor. 13:11). If we are to lead children to know God, we must lead them through our own experiences as mature adults, having found the way ourselves.

God expects us to *translate for our children, in terms of example*, what we ourselves believe. It is very difficult for children to understand our standards of life when we say one thing and do another. What we do speaks louder than what we say. God expects us to translate our faith into tangible ways of meeting emergencies—not alone, but with His help! When Jesus was faced with great decisions, he went away from the

crowds to a quiet place where, for unhurried hours, he renewed his strength through a companionship with God. We and our children face important decisions often. God expects us to turn to Him for help. Our own faith leads us to do so! If we would help children to know God, our actions before them must reveal His presence in our lives.

God expects us to *understand children*—how they grow, how they learn, how they need *us*. An understanding acquired altogether from books, important as that is, is not enough. Rather, it must be an understanding which comes from a loving companionship which can really interpret god-likeness. Children have a right to be loved and understood for what they are. Someone has said that when God was ready to send his Son Jesus into the world He sent him into a family where he would be loved and understood. Since it is God's plan that children shall grow up in homes with families, he has every reason to expect that parents and other adults shall make it their business to care, to understand, to love, to guide! Thus a sense of confidence and security is developed which

reaches out to people everywhere and extends through the years.

God expects us to *grow continually in our understanding and appreciation* of His world that we may come to know the source of all good gifts and the life-giving power generated throughout the universe. He expects us to use for good, resources which are made available. Discoveries are being made every day which cause us to stand in awe and exclaim, "O God, how manifold are thy works!" May we also exclaim, "O God, help us to find ways of using for our good and that of others the resources of thy world."

God expects us to *take our place in the community* of which we are a part and to be concerned about what happens to all of its citizens. He expects us to be the kind of citizens who will work for measures and plans that will keep our community clean and undesecrated for the sake of the citizens of tomorrow—and all the tomorrows! He expects us to be interested in the welfare of others beyond our own four walls. During a recent drive for funds with which to combat polio, members of the PTA in a certain community volunteered to call on every home in the

"Since it is God's plan that children shall grow up in homes with families, he has every reason to expect that parents and other adults make it their business to care, to understand, to love, to guide!"



area for contributions to the fund. The suggestion was made that every home which had not previously subscribed have its porch light turned on by seven o'clock on a given evening so that calls would not be made unnecessarily.

Response to this plan was wholeheartedly given on the part of the entire community. When we are concerned about our own community, its life and its problems, we are interested in our nation and our world. We cannot expect peace to come among nations and peoples of the world until a sense of oneness comes among friendly peoples of a community. Children who are part of such a community grow to respect others and come to have a sense of responsibility for helping to make it the kind of a community in which are found friendship and neighborliness—a thoughtful concern for everyone.

God expects us to accept Jesus Christ, His only Son, as the pattern for our lives, that we not only live abundantly ourselves but that we may help children to grow in their desire to be like Jesus and to grow in ability to apply Jesus' standards to everyday living. Since Jesus came to show us what God is like, companionship with Jesus will lead us to know God, the Father of all mankind, and to feel kinship with people everywhere. As we seek to follow the Christ, we have a pattern for life which gives us a goal toward which to strive. Having such a pattern, God expects more of us! He expects us to be kind, to be honest, to help others to do right, to keep trying to achieve the ultimate goal of success in Christian living, all of which requires our very best effort.

In order to live up to standards which God expects of us, we need the church; we need participation in its program; we need association with Christians, who, like ourselves, are trying to measure up to the stature of Christ.

What does God expect of children? Is there a difference in what He expects of children and adults? Only insofar as difference in years and experience and understanding means that adults are better able to make decisions relative to problems that arise. All that God expects of children, he expects of us—and more!

Many parents have suggested that church school teachers are not direct enough in teaching moral values, that they should help children to face their responsibility for the results of wrongdoing. Teachers in the church school cannot do this kind of teaching without the co-operation of the home. The same kind of direct teaching must be found there as is expected in the church school. The home and the church need each other in the great task of Christian teaching.

In order to help both church school teachers and parents, our lesson-writers have prepared a unit of material in the new third year primary lessons for use during the month of March, or at the close of the winter quarter. It is called, "What God Expects of Us." One part of the unit is guidance material for teachers. Another part is the "Message to Parents," a folder which parents receive from the church school early in the quarter. The latter is designed to be of help in the home, and parents who study it and

use the suggestions it contains will learn something of the content of the teaching material used in the church school. They will also learn how to work co-operatively with their child's teacher. Together they will be able to influence the child's religious growth.

A third part of the third year primary material is a child's book of Bible Stories. This the third grader brings home early in the quarter. Planned especially for use in the home, it contains Bible Stories, copies of the teaching pictures, Bible verses, songs, and suggestions of things that parents and children can do together. Parents can help children to use this book at home, and make it really an important part of the family reading program each week. Never before has the church school had such splendid material to share with the home. Never before has there been a greater need for the home and the church to work so closely together for the sake of growing children. Never before have children needed more to feel the security and anchorage which, working together, the home and church can give!

May we strive to bring to children the realization that while God loves them, He also expects love and goodness, honesty, fair play, kindness and thoughtfulness from us! May we seek to provide experiences which help children to understand what God expects of them and together may parents and children grow in understanding of one another, and of God! May we make this prayer—the litany prayer of the third grader—the prayer of all of us:

DEAR FATHER, GOD,

When it is hard to do what is honest,
Help me to be strong to do right;
If I am tempted to tell what is not true,
Help me to be strong to do right;
When it is hard to be fair to someone else,
Help me to be strong to do right;
When I do what is wrong, forgive me,
And help me to be brave to try again.

Amen.¹

Here are some good books for parents to read:

The Faith of Our Children, by Mary Alice Jones, Abingdon-Cokesbury, Nashville, Tennessee, 1943; \$1.50.

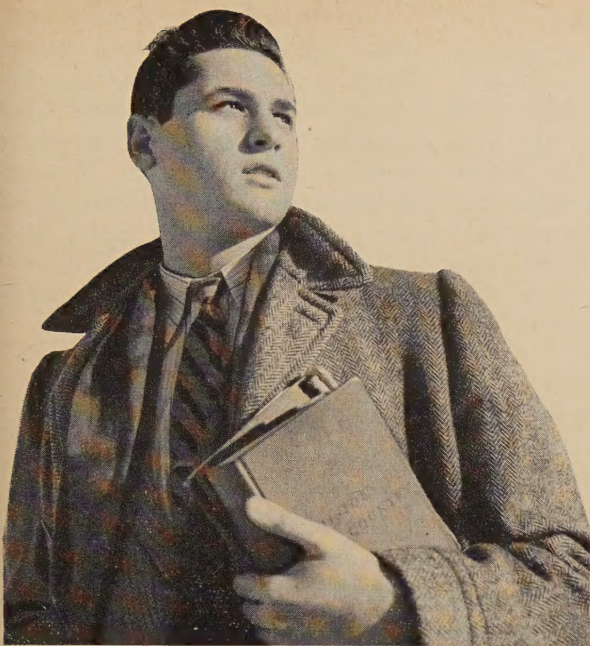
The Children We Teach, by Elizabeth Whitehouse. Judson Press, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, 1950; \$2.50.

Our Children and God, by Mrs. Clarence H. Hamilton, Bobbs-Merrill, Indianapolis, Indiana, 1952; \$2.50.

Good Neighbors, by Elizabeth C. Gardner, The Bethany Press, St. Louis, Missouri, 1951; 50 cents.

Enjoying the Bible at Home, by Anna Laura Gebhard, The Bethany Press, St. Louis, Missouri, 1951; 50 cents.

¹From the pupil's book, third year primary, winter quarter. Copyright, 1952, Wilbur H. Cramblet. Used by permission.



*Faith, hope and charitable understanding—
parents of teen-agers will need all three
if they are to possess the serenity
necessary for wisdom in approaching
the problems of our youth today*

We can help **WAR-TENSE YOUTH**

By Bernard Ikeler

*A member of the Lambertville,
New Jersey, high school faculty*

AT BEDTIME, our three-year-old inquires: "Where did the sun go?" My wife answers that the sun has gone down behind the hill. "Why?" he asks. She admits she doesn't know. "Will it come up again?" he questions. My wife tells him that it will. He is satisfied, turns to less weighty matters. Eventually he goes to sleep, entirely reassured.

How is it that my wife is able to dispel our son's fears that tomorrow will never come—that light, toys, parents, brothers and sisters will disappear during the night? Why is she able to give him faith in the future?

She has, of course, had considerable experience with the sun's rising. She has seen tomorrow arrive many times—she possesses some wisdom in the ways of the future. Strictly speaking, however, she has no real knowledge on the subject. Astronomers themselves can't prove anything about tomorrow's sun. There are no facts.

It would seem, then, that my wife is able to quiet my son's fears for two reasons: she has wisdom; she has faith.

In a previous article, I suggested that what our war-tense offspring need most is a sense of assurance about the future. I explained my conviction that we parents can help our offspring face the trials and frustrations of these days only to the extent that we ourselves believe in a better tomorrow and can pass on that belief to them.

Here I hope to say how I think we parents arrive at our convictions concerning the future, and how we can transfer them to our children.

Obviously, the facts of our time don't inspire faith. The day's headlines provide little evidence that

God's in His heaven—

All's right with the world!

Happily—as I meant to imply earlier—facts have nothing to do with faith.

But experience does. And we parents possess experience. Not all of it is happy; not all of it is unhappy. Much of it, for most of us, is self-contradictory. Still it can, through the years, boil down into something that will pass for wisdom.

Moreover, humanity as a whole possesses experience. Our customs, institutions, literature—in these storehouses we have a large accumulation of human experi-

ence. Here, too, there is much contradiction. But it is possible to sort out something solid, sure.

The sorting process requires of us sanity. If we are to find the meaning in our own experience, or in the experience of the human race, we have to keep our heads. We can indulge in hysteria, and thus arrive at the conclusion that man is a mess, that squabbles and wars are inevitable, that the future is chaos. Or we can maintain our poise, and so find reason for hope that mankind is capable of improving itself.

I'm convinced that when we reflect calmly on our own lives, we find reason to believe that the sun will rise again—that wars, hot and cold, will someday cease. I believe that well-balanced thought on the world's history arrives at the same conclusion.

I admit that I doubt any of us will find proof positive. Luckily, we don't need it—my wife stills my son's fears without it, and that's good enough for me.

BUT HOW DO we keep our poise these days?

Take the word of psychologists: *through faith*. In these days, wisdom may crack under the attack of brute fact; but faith will stand—and will put wisdom back into the battle.

The surface realities of modern existence are nasty. With great difficulty, we achieve a wise view of things—only to have it melt away in the heat of dispute, hate, war. Merely to be wise is not enough these days.

We need also to have faith. Only by possessing faith can we obtain the serenity that is necessary for wisdom. Only through wisdom that is underpinned with faith can we rise above the confusions of the day.

Do we Christians really believe that God is love? Then we feel, from the depths of our souls, that the end of history—our own and mankind's—will be good. We are convinced that we were created for heaven, not hell.

Possessing this faith, we can avoid undue anxiety about affairs of the moment, thus look beyond today's headlines to the solid assurances that a wise reading of history affords, to the sure hope that our own accumulation of experience provides.

These days—and I suppose there never were different days—we parents must hang on to faith. Without it, we lose sanity; without sanity, we lose wisdom. There-

after, we lose everything, including the possibility of handing on wisdom and faith to our children.

For our offspring catch faith and wisdom in exactly the way they catch colds: via the atmosphere. The child who sees that his parents are love, also sees that God is love. The child who sees that his parents try to be as wise as possible, also tries to be as wise as possible.

To use the jargon of psychology, the offspring of well-adjusted parents are usually well adjusted. The offspring of immature parents have great difficulty in achieving maturity. Thus we parents must make ourselves capable of sanity, justice, charity—toward ourselves and toward others—or our children will suffer for it.

However, manage to be mature, Christian. Your children will be so, too.

You believe in prayer; then you need no particular formula for teaching your child to believe in prayer. He will surely learn that you pray, and he will pray, too. You find it possible to forgive people their mistakes; then your child will find it possible also—and require very little theological explanation from you.

As with religious values, so with moral and intellectual values. Would we have our offspring prize honesty, courage, self-knowledge, curiosity? Then we ourselves must prize these things. Psychologists, educators, all kinds of experts on the matter agree that transfer of values between parent and child is virtually an automatic process.

WHAT about teen-agers—don't they reject parental values *de jure* and *ipso facto*?

No, not in actuality.

Teen-agers leave home so that they can come back again more completely—with fuller understanding, greater maturity. They make serious pretense at rejecting their parents' standards; they must do so in order that they may question, test these standards. But having gone through with the testing, teen-agers return to their parents' scheme of values, with few—and usually very useful—exceptions.

Parents need to understand that adolescent revolt is healthy; that it is the means whereby each new generation shakes off the absurdities of its predecessor; that it is the door by which young people go out to discover something a bit different and perhaps a little better, and return to add it to man's common store of knowledge.

Sometimes I believe that adolescents themselves understand the racial—even religious—significance of their apparent revolt. At any rate, teen-agers are neither so light-headed nor so irreligious as we adults seem bent on imagining.

While the days are somewhat drear, let us have faith in our children, ourselves, the essential world about us, and the spiritual realm beyond.

That is, indeed, whistling in the dark. But wisdom and faith provide us with sufficient basis for whistling—we can do so out of serenity, rather than anxiety.

And the tune will be a good one: well-adjusted personalities, harmonious families—someday, a peaceful world—for ourselves, but especially for our offspring.

Weaver of Song

I would be weaver of a song to bring
Deep wonder to the heart that it may be
Renewed and wrapped in loveliness as spring
Revives the earth and clothes the shaken tree.
These I would fashion into living song
With melody to ring as bells of truth—
Dear memories that have been cherished long,
All beauty and transcendent dreams of youth.
Long-silenced voices would re-echo there
Among the golden meshes I would weave,
Old-fashioned virtues and the fruits they bear,
Clean things a mother taught me to believe.
These would be woof and warp of my refrain
That hearts might learn to triumph over pain!

INEZ CLARK THORSON

A leading American educator here tells why the teaching profession should make a strong appeal to strong leaders from among our Christian youth. Now in retirement after some thirty years as headmaster of the Horace Mann School for Boys, well may he evaluate the satisfactions to be derived and the contributions to be made to society by . . .

The Christian in Teaching



By Charles C. Tillinghast

Headmaster, Horace Mann School for Boys, New York City, 1920 until recently. Exchange teacher to Prussia, 1913-14; member of summer school faculty, Teachers College, Columbia University, since 1919; member of the Educational Committee of the American Baptist Convention.

OUT OF A long experience it is my sincere conviction that the profession of teaching gives one who is committed to the Christian way of life an unusual opportunity to make a significant contribution to the betterment of the society of which he is a part.

In the first place, teaching must properly be regarded as one of the service professions. One who takes up teaching as his lifework must be strongly motivated by a feeling of dedication to the service of others. True, financial competence and reasonable security resulting therefrom, social acceptance and even prestige, and awareness of the steady improvement of teaching as a profession—all are having a powerful influence upon the decision of competent young persons to prepare themselves to teach. Nevertheless, teaching is a service profession and calls for a sincere dedication to the good of

others. While it is undeniably true some who are not known or thought to be Christians have this same high motivation, such dedication correlates highly with the concern which all sincere Christians have for the betterment of their fellows. The Christian principle of service for others makes the field of teaching one which should attract strong leaders among our Christian youth.

Another characteristic of the teaching profession, and one that is always present in the thinking of those who have given themselves to it, is a high regard for the individual and a determination to regard each person as possessing his own inalienable rights and responsibilities. This characteristic is even more significantly recognized, as newer educational philosophies and methods have established themselves as worth while. The commonly used term "in-

dividual differences," properly enough thought to refer to psychological qualities or intellectual attainments, may also refer to the conviction held by Christian thinkers that each soul stands in its own right before God, and that each person must be regarded as an individual, in the highest and most comprehensive sense of that term. Such an interpretation is so clearly an expression of the Christian point of view, as to align the teaching profession with all other professions which make a strong appeal to everyone who is committed to the Christian way of living. It is Christian to think of mankind as made up of individual brothers; and the experience of teaching gives a person, younger or older, a splendid opportunity to translate this belief into fruitful and satisfying practice.

One additional purpose of teaching may well be cited—the constant attempt which members of this profession make to discover truth. In laboratory, in lecture, in class participation, in projects, in every aspect of teaching and learning, there should always be present the keen desire to discover and know the truth. This is the



THE SEARCH FOR BEAUTY

In a high school art department, this instructor is demonstrating poster layout. Stimulating and directing the creative urge of his students, the artist-teacher also gives vent to his own desire to create.



THE SEARCH FOR TRUTH

A high school teacher of physics directs his students in a laboratory experiment. Though this scientist may never become an Einstein or a Fermi, he has the satisfaction of helping young people understand the immutable laws of nature.

high goal which every consecrated Christian has set for himself; and through family associations, in educational and religious activities, and in social and professional opportunities he is ever mindful of two stirring statements from the Scriptures. Christ said, "You will know the truth and the truth will make you free" (John 8:32); and Paul gave counsel to his young friend Timothy in words which will long be remembered: "Do your best to present yourself to God as one approved, a workman who has no need to be ashamed, rightly handling the word of truth" (2 Tim. 2:15). Since one great purpose of the profession of teaching is to discover and disseminate truth, it would seem highly logical for a Christian to regard this profession as one in which his consecration to the highest revelation of truth might be channeled into spiritual leadership and inspiration.

The point which I have tried to make in the foregoing paragraphs is that teaching as a profession should make a special appeal to the Christian man or woman, first, because it is a service profession; second, because it respects and

gives distinction to the individual mind and soul; and third, because its goal is truth and the discovery of truth.

LET US NOW turn our thoughts toward the needs in the teaching profession. Anyone who is in the least familiar with the educational situation throughout the United States is aware of the critical need of well-trained teachers. The shortage of qualified elementary teachers is especially acute. Recent figures released by the United States Office of Education clearly indicate that for the school year 1952-53 literally thousands of children will be either without teachers or under the direction of inadequately prepared, temporarily certified men and women in the schools. Teacher training institutions are making every effort to expand and improve buildings, resources, and faculty personnel to meet this pressing need.

Of even greater concern to all who are interested in providing the best possible educational opportunities in our democracy is the unmistakable evidence that too few of our very best and potentially strong young men and

women are, in these days of intense competition—in industry and in other professions—choosing teaching as their field of preparation and service. While there is no reason for extreme pessimism at this point, sober reflection might well leave us seriously disturbed as we realize that the profession of teaching is enlisting only a minority of our finest and ablest young persons. Carefully organized teacher-recruiting programs are now to be found in many sections of the United States. These point to the inescapable conclusion that at no recent time has the need for strong teachers, and the consciousness among educators of this need, been so acute and widespread as it is just now. The teaching profession calls, in ringing tones, for many more of our very best young men and women to give themselves to this field of service.

If the need for teachers is great, even greater is the need for Christian teachers.

IN THIS CONNECTION, let us briefly review the growth of teaching as a well-trained and highly honored profession. It is a far cry from

the Latin grammar schools, the dame schools, the little red schoolhouse, the one-room district school, the struggling academies and high schools to the educational institutions which today we see on every hand. Schools in 1953 are immeasurably better housed, better equipped, better staffed, and given better support. Consolidated schools are making the one-room schoolhouse a relic of other days; splendid kindergartens and nursery schools challenge our admiration; and through the entire gamut of our educational system—elementary, secondary and collegiate—there is an acceptance and undergirding of education which makes our nation a leader in this phase of social expression.

today and those of no more than twenty years ago.

New methods of teaching have been steadily developed. And significant emphasis is now being placed upon recent psychological experimental findings, upon carefully organized guidance, upon scientific tests and measurements, and upon an ever widening reservoir of learning and of culture. As a result, teaching—long considered an art—is now looked upon by many as a science, with all that is connoted by scientific processes and evaluations. Education has greatly profited by all this advance and by this scientific approach.

However, we are in possible danger of overmechanizing, over-

gion as such must be taught in our schools, although there are many who strongly believe that a great loss is suffered when religious ideals are left out of the educational system. It is, rather, that Christian teachers, by example, by wise and friendly precept, and by the richest possible interpretation of all subjects taught and all ideas presented, must continue to build up, in the minds and hearts of our youth, the assurance that the finest living—to which end every school experience should be directed—cannot be materialistic, negatively scientific, skeptical, or atheistic.

The place of the Christian teacher in our developing democracy is a most important and influential one.



In another area of the teaching field, a missionary-teacher, using the phonetic method, helps Nigerian natives learn to read the language they speak. The teacher, Dr. Frank Laubach, famous literacy expert, has taught people to read in 156 different languages. Great must be his satisfaction as he gives others a new tool to find new significance in the world they live in, and a new stimulus to look beyond the temporal to the eternal as they read the Word of God.

Concomitant with the physical improvement of our schools has been a steady rise in the level of professional training required of the prospective teacher. Certification requirements, in terms of years of preparation, of expansion of required subjects to be mastered, and of both pre- and in-service training, have been so extensively increased as to show an unbelievably sharp contrast between the professional demands of

materializing, and oversecularizing education. It is at this point that the influence of a devoted Christian teacher can serve as a powerful counteragent to those tendencies in education which lead us to forget that man is primarily spiritual in his being, and that all growth, intellectual, social and vocational, to be of the highest quality, must be organized and directed in terms of the ultimate nature of man. It is not that reli-

WHAT OF THE satisfactions, and what of the discouragements attendant upon the profession of teaching as it is followed by one who is committed to the Christian way of life?

That there are discouragements and difficulties cannot be denied. There is a steady strain upon one's personal resources—physical, mental, and emotional—as day by day and week by week one gives himself unselfishly to the good of those in his charge. Ever recurring is the sense of frustration caused by a recalcitrant pupil, by an unintelligent parent, by a superior officer whose sense of values seems to be tragically narrow, and by the inhibiting effect of regulations—local, state, or federal. At times these seem to make it imperative to shut the door, as one enters the schoolroom, upon all religious ideals and aspirations. All of these, and others, will, with varying degrees of intensity, make a severe assault upon the courage, the convictions, and the serenity of one who is truly a Christian teacher.

Let me state, again out of a long experience, that no one of these discouragements is overpowering.

It is entirely possible to hold to one's faith in the face of every opposition, direct or subtle. A true Christian influence can be

wielded in any school situation, no matter what the formal regulations about religion may be.

WHEN ONE ATTEMPTS to enumerate the satisfactions which come to a Christian teacher, there are so many rich rewards that it is not at all easy to single out a few. The satisfactions far outweigh the difficulties and disappointments.

Perhaps the basic satisfaction derives from the constant awareness that a Christian teacher, through his own personal devotion, can make an immeasurably rich contribution to society—a contribution sorely needed in these days of confusion and change.

There should also be mentioned the satisfaction which comes from witnessing, and from being a significant part of, the expanding life of one after another of those who in school relationships have been

given inspiration and life direction by a teacher vitally concerned with spiritual as well as intellectual growth.

A most enduring satisfaction arises from the friendships which grow more and more prized as time passes—friendships with students, with faculty colleagues, with those in a community also giving themselves to social betterment, and with many others who are glad to call a Christian teacher a friend.

Finally, and by no means the least, is the satisfaction which a Christian teacher has as he realizes that his influence, quiet and unassuming as he himself may be, and humble as the position occupied may appear, is steadily functioning as a leaven in the lump of our secularized educational processes. This permeating leaven is sadly needed now, and that person can well be content who is con-

scious that he is helping to keep vigorously alive, in our schools and colleges, those spiritual and ethical ideals which are exemplified in the Christian way of life, and the loss of which will seriously and tragically weaken all that is attempted through education.

The need for well-trained, devoted teachers was never greater than now; and, for the reasons which have been cited, the need for Christian teachers is particularly pressing. That there are discouragements and difficulties confronting every teacher no one will attempt to deny. There are, however, many rewards. Not the least

Teaching, then, would seem to offer to a Christian young person an almost unparalleled opportunity to invest his life in a most helpful and satisfying area of service.

BIBLEGRAM

By Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

A The President who abolished slavery -----

B Not finished -----

C Squirm around -----

D United with, or took part in, as prayer -----

E A trip -----

F Silly, or foolish -----

G A hat, especially an Easter hat -----

H Got up on, as on a horse -----

I An Eskimo home -----

J A shelter dug out of a hillside -----

K The supreme spirit of evil -----

L Blow -----

M Tree that looks like it is crying -----

N Meat that's good with breakfast eggs -----

O The increased heat of sickness -----

17 78 10 30 7 49 32

14 36 5 41 26 94 3

46 16 67 86 48 54

24 13 92 50 28 58

1 31 45 66 6 62 12

91 114 20 83 43

22 75 57 72 70 21

35 56 2 37 8 82 29

101 27 103 38 51

11 76 4 44 25 52

42 59 93 107 18

100 47 19 97 113

15 68 79 80 65 77

53 9 55 112 90

64 89 108 34 85

1	2	3	4	5		6	7	8		9	10
11		12	13	14		15	16	17	18		19
20	21		22	23		24	25	26	27	28	29
	30	31	32	33	34	35	36		37	38	39
	40	41	42		43	44	45		46	47	48
49		50	51	52		53	54		55	56	57
58	59	60	61	62	63		64	65	66	67	68
69	70		71	72	73		74	75	76		77
78	79	80		81	82		83	84	85	86	87
88	89	90		91	92	93	94		95	96	97
	98	99		100	101	102	103		104	105	
106	107	108	109	110		111	112		113	114	115

Solution on page 46.

P Your Mother's sister's relationship to you -----

Q To share, or apportion -----

R Perhaps -----

S Without hair on the head -----

T A small opening for letting something out -----

U A Chinese secret society -----

40 115 61 99

33 87 88 98 63 23

60 95 74 81 109

104 71 102 73

69 105 110 39

111 84 96 106

A Story by
HELEN L. RENSHAW



When Rachel Came

For some reason the directness of Rachel's blue eyes made Irene feel like an inarticulate schoolgirl

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL GROUT

IRENE MURRAY ran down the front steps of her neat suburban home, tightening the belt of her yellow raincoat and wishing it would either pour or stop raining altogether. She glanced at her watch and saw she had twenty minutes to make the train. That was ample time because the old convertible was a wonder at cover-

ing the ground even though it did leap along something like an undisciplined jack rabbit.

Irene had gone to meet Rachel Brown, but she wasn't quite prepared for the tall, angular woman in a steel-gray coat and hat who stepped off the train.

It's her eyes that are different, Irene thought, startled by their

fresh blueness. "Rachel Brown?" she asked pleasantly.

The woman nodded. Just nodded.

"Well . . . did you have a pleasant trip?" Somehow the directness of Rachel's blue eyes made Irene feel like an inarticulate schoolgirl instead of a married woman with a two-year-old boy.

The woman nodded a second time and looked around a little fearfully.

"Well, then . . . let's get your luggage," said Irene cheerfully.

Rachel stared down at the battered bag in her hand. "I have it," she said briefly.

Irene moved toward the car and Rachel climbed in and sat stiffly beside her. "We are glad to have you stay with us until Mother Murray gets back and is ready for you, Rachel."

"The agency said I was to come today." Rachel was a trifle grim. "I let my room go . . . I had no place to sleep."

"I know. After Mother engaged you as housekeeper she decided to stay away an extra week. She

thought you'd be lonesome out at her big house alone."

"I like to be with people," Rachel said firmly.

IRENE SAW that Rachel's alert eyes swiftly appraised the small house and yard as she nosed the car into the driveway. "It's not much like Mother Murray's place," she laughed. "Her house is much larger and finer."

Rachel shifted in her seat and looked directly at Irene. "It doesn't need to be large and fine. This will be real nice . . . when it gets a lived-in look. I like a house to look lived in."

Irene was amused. "Oh, we've lived here for three years. I guess it looks new because I like to keep

everything neat and in its place." She spoke with pride. It was her firm belief that there was no need to let a child throw a place into a panic. "Donny is not allowed to play in the front yard . . . not since we did all the expensive landscaping."

"Um," was all Rachel said, but Irene had a strong feeling she had said something of which Rachel disapproved.

She led the way through the front door, and Rachel stood still, just inside, surveying the room with its white fireplace and blonde furniture. Her expression conveyed neither like nor dislike.

After a moment Irene ventured, "Bill and I weren't quite sure where you'd be the most comfortable, Rachel." That wasn't exactly true. Bill had been very sure and so had she.

"She's a domestic. She should have the maid's room," Irene had said firmly.

"She's not our domestic. She's Mother Murray's. How do you treat a maid who's not a maid?" Bill had puzzled. "And we do have a guest room. . . ."

But Irene had prepared the little room back of the kitchen, and now she wasn't so sure. Fortunately Rachel took the matter into her own hands. "I'll just go along now to the maid's quarters, Mum, if you have one."

Irene couldn't suppress a smile of satisfaction, but she knew Bill would never believe she hadn't maneuvered Rachel into occupying the back room. It was really quite awkward, this having a maid in the house who wasn't a maid and who most certainly wasn't a guest, either.

"Of course, we don't expect you to do things for us . . . not like you'll be doing at Mother Murray's . . ." Irene stopped because she saw that Rachel was looking for something. She had gone to the window and was staring out between the chartreuse curtains.

"Where is he . . . the boy?"

"Donny? He's next door with Mrs. Allen."

Rachel sighed and followed Irene down the hall to the yellow and blue tiled kitchen. She set her bag down in the middle of the

PRAYER OF A HOMEMAKER

Packing School Lunches

Dear Heavenly Father:

Once more the chore of packing lunches for hungry children confronts me. Keep me from sinking into a feeling of monotony. Help me to realize that here, at the sandwich board, I am identifying myself with the nameless mother of the lad with the loaves and fishes. Little did she dream that morning so long ago that her routine work would figure in a miracle.

At times it seems as though my task is a never-ending placation of the physical needs of my growing children. But it is a love-prompted task, one done in the hope that they, too, may learn to share the substance of their minds and hearts. Then will the miracle of dedicated personality come to serve their generation. And of such a miracle may I be a humble part, even as I spread the modern loaves to build strong bodies to house strong minds capable of solving economic, social and spiritual problems. Then will the loaves come to be enjoyed. Then will they sustain thy will in all lands.

Amen.

RUTH C. IKERMAN

floor and stood there, clasping her large bony hands. "Oh, my! And don't I like this!" She reached out and shyly touched the white porcelain stove. "It should bake cakes real nice."

Irene laughed. "I don't bake very much. The bakery is close and very good, too."

Rachel looked shocked. She remained primly respectful but her eyes were a bleak, cold blue.

When the bedroom door closed behind Rachel's stiff back, Irene groaned. She could see it wasn't going to be exactly comfortable having a person of undetermined status around. She shrugged and went next door to reclaim Donny. The child was still in his play pen on the Allens' enclosed porch. He was complacently chewing the ear of his cotton Scottie.

"He's such a good child he just doesn't seem real," sighed Mrs. Allen when Irene stooped and lifted Donny over the rail.

Irene grimaced. "He's plenty real, but any child's good if he's trained properly. There's no reason to let a small child upset the entire household."

Mrs. Allen looked sheepish. "Mine did. The place was always upset and life was a regular madhouse. How I do miss it now!"

Donny dropped his Scottie and howled.

"Scottie is his favorite possession," explained Irene. "He'll hardly allow us to touch him."

LATER THAT day Irene discovered that if Rachel filled her with misgivings, not so Donny. A merry laugh from the nursery told her that the woman and boy had discovered each other, and when she flew to investigate she saw they had taken to each other like ducks to a pond.

Donny was offering his precious Scottie to Rachel with his most beguiling smile. "Take," he said.

"I could amuse him for a while, Mum," Rachel told Irene.

"But he should nap now. . . ."

"I can nap him, too," said the woman hopefully.

"Rachie nap," Donny said, scowling fiercely at his mother.

Irene nodded and fled to her room to catch up on some mending. She had intended to finish

much sooner, but the clock struck five before she looked up again. Then she jumped up guiltily, thinking, *Bill will be home in half an hour. I should have started sooner . . . I'll have to open a can again. . . .*

But Rachel Brown had not let the time escape her. She had on an enormous apron that completely covered her dress, and she was vigorously whipping something in a yellow bowl while she said, "And so the kitten always remembered to wash his face and ears and comb out his whiskers after that."

Donny was sitting openmouthed in the center of the kitchen floor. "More!" he shrieked. "More, Rachie!"

Irene lifted him from the floor. "Donny is learning to use his chair," she said a little sharply.

Rachel's pale mouth formed a long straight line and her blue eyes darkened, but she said primly enough, "I made a shepherd's pie from the leftovers and whipped up a bit of gingerbread, Mum. I could see you were busy!"

"We didn't expect you to . . ." Irene began and then faltered under the hurt in the blue eyes. After all, the woman was only being kind, and she should have kept better track of the time. "Thank you, Rachel," she said stiffly. "I'll see to feeding Donny now."

With the wonderful elasticity of the young to swing from one favored person to another, Donny looked up and reached for her hand. "Nice Mommy," he said,

and Irene felt unaccountably grateful.

When she saw Bill swing out of Mr. Allen's car Irene walked down the walk to meet him.

"Hi!" said Bill in his hearty voice. "Isn't this a bit unusual? Aren't you supposed to be in the kitchen wielding a mean can opener or something?"

Irene slipped an arm through his. "Rachel's here."

"Fine! What's she like?"

"I . . . I don't quite know." Irene wrinkled her brow thoughtfully. "She's such a gray sort of woman . . . and yet she isn't. She said she'd like our house when it looked 'lived in' . . . she preferred the maid's room and she cooked dinner and insists on serving it."

Bill whistled softly. "What do you know!"

"She said the stove would bake 'real nice.'"

Bill grinned. "A woman of some perception. And how's our Donny taking it?"

"He adores her."

"Ha! Then I shall love her myself."

When they entered the dining room Donny was already seated in his high chair at one side of the table, beating his tray with a graham cracker.

"Dinner," he caroled.

Irene frowned and turned to Bill. "I told Rachel he never sits with us. He's already had his dinner."

Rachel came in from the kitchen. "Mrs. Murray, Mum. It seems

(Continued on page 44.)

Misplaced Energy

We take the silver out and polish it

With all the zeal that we can muster,

But leave religion on the upper shelf

Expecting it to hold its lustre.

INEZ CLARK THORSON

A PROMINENT clergyman once shocked his congregation by declaring, "The Christian Church is only one generation away from extinction. Religious beliefs are not inherited; they must be painstakingly taught to each new generation. If Christian teaching should be withheld or strictly forbidden for a period of twenty-five or thirty years, or if one generation of youth should revolt, historians could write 'finis' to the Christian religion."

No one believes that this is going to happen. Nineteen hundred and fifty years of history will testify that the Christian faith cannot be stamped out. Ruthless dictators and other evil men have done their worst, but always, wherever persecution was hottest, the flame of faith burned brightest. We have the promise of Jesus himself that on the rock of faith, he would build his church and the gates of hell would not prevail against it.

Certainly, then, we can dismiss the fear that the Christian church faces extinction, and we can gain confidence along with the historian Toynbee in the realization that, come what may, there will always be a remnant of people who will remain true to the faith and who will rekindle the fires in the places where they have been allowed to go out. Our concern, then, should not be whether the Christian church may die. It will not. Rather we should be concerned at how much it would be retarded if a generation of people lost their religious concern and began to neglect or turn away from the church.

We raise this question because of the number of people who have misgivings over the religious attitudes of the teen-agers of today. There are those who have called them "an unbelieving generation" and have accused them of being interested only in worldly and secular things.

We must admit that youth today are confused. But who isn't? Living as we are in a rapidly changing world where everything seems to be in a state of flux, we see customs, manners, and ideas change from day to day. Many

A popular fallacy, however flimsy the evidence on which it is based, can be refuted only when an authority presents significant facts. Here a competent authority does just that. So, read before you attempt to answer the question . . .

An Unbelievin

By FORREST B. FORDHAM

Administrative Secretary, Baptist Youth Fellowship; Director of the Youth Department in the Division of Education in Home, Church, and Community of the American Baptist Convention.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARY ANNA WHITE

Another glimpse of the ceremonies at the Youth Week rally in St. Louis. As huge maroon curtains opened on the stage, this beautiful cathedral setting was disclosed. Here, facing the cross, are members of the speaking choirs in a program prepared by the United Christian Youth Movement (interdenominational). During the service hundreds of young people dedicated themselves to united action in answer to The Call.



eneration?

Lighting the tall cathedral tapers leading to the altar at last year's Youth Week rally at the Scottish Rite Cathedral, St. Louis, Mo. Young people from miles around came by the busload, filling the mammoth auditorium, in response to The Call to United Christian Youth Action.

An unbelieving generation?



attitudes that were satisfactory a generation ago, now have to be revised. It is inevitable that in a scientific age, where we want to know the reason for this and that, that our religious beliefs come under close scrutiny. In Nazi Germany we saw religion being ridiculed in the eyes of the young, and from outward appearances it did not seem to be missed. In Communist Russia religion is also under fire and, though not strictly forbidden, it would seem that the national leaders hope it will die through lack of use. In France we have seen the pagan doctrine of "existentialism" largely replace Christianity in the minds of youth. For many it has seemed more in keeping with a greedy world to admit only that since "I exist" I will live for the present only, getting what I can while I can get it.

In our own country we have heard many stories of gross immorality in our high schools, and have been told that we lose four out of five of our church school

pupils by the time they reach high school age. Yet, in spite of all this, I am very certain that our present-day teen-agers are not an "unbelieving generation." Just as in the public press it is the crimes and the scandalous things which make news while many of the good deeds go unnoticed, so it is that the few youths who become delinquent gain publicity while the many who remain true to the faith go unheeded. Let us observe a few of the more encouraging aspects of our teen-age youth.

DURING the past ten years there has developed almost simultaneously in the major denominations the Youth Fellowship movement. In the local church it has become the youth division of the church. Instead of a number of classes, clubs, and activities competing with each other for the allegiance of the young people, now a single over-all organization plans and carries out the total youth program, taking into consideration the needs and interests of youth.

The result has been an increased interest and growing enthusiasm on the part of youth. Look into the youth room of church after church across our entire country on Sunday evening, and you will see various age-groups of young people conducting their Fellowship meetings which are youth planned and youth led. Even in churches which are not able to hold Sunday evening services, you will usually find some portion of the buildings lighted and the young people will be there conducting their sessions of training and discussion. In spite of the growing number of television sets now being sold and the programs scheduled on Sunday evening, this is still true.

Witness the growth in the summer camping movement among every major denomination. From the time school closes in the spring until after Labor Day in the fall, camping programs are in full swing and the physical equipment is being taxed to the limit. The

(Continued on page 37.)

FAMILY NIGHTS AT HOME CAN BE FUN

By Elizabeth and Edwin McClain

Mr. McClain is Minister of Education at the Delmar Baptist Church, St. Louis, Missouri. Mrs. McClain was formerly engaged in home missions work for the American Baptists. They have two children, aged 9 and 6.

MOTHER, tonight's the night isn't it?" excitedly called John.

"The night for what?" she jokingly asked.

"Oh, you know! The night Dad will be home for sure. I've just a little more sanding to do on Spot's house so you and Sis can start painting. Let's have dinner early; then if we all pitch in, we can have the dishes done in no time and get down to the workshop."

Family night at home has become a regular weekly event in the Irwin family—one they all look forward to. It is not unusual to hear John telling one of his friends that he cannot go to the movies that night. Even Dad's associates have learned that the night is kept for his family. When the idea was first suggested to the Irwins, they thought it would be impossible to find a night when they would all be home. They soon found, however, that it was really a case of putting "first things first."

Of course, the Irwins do not spend every family night in the workshop, although throughout their house are tables, bookcases, a Ping-pong table, and many other useful articles made by the family. Before the children were able to wield a hammer and saw, they had a part in helping put on the first coat of paint or in sanding down a small piece.

The Irwins recalled many happy times together and gave us many ideas as they referred to the minutes of their family council, which is usually held sometime during the weekly family night. Along with the minutes the "secretary" had jotted down the family activity for that particular evening.

If you have never tried such a night, perhaps one of the easiest ways to begin is as the Irwins did, with recreation. It can take many forms, depending upon the time of the year, the age of your children, and the space you have. In the house there may be Ping-pong, hide and seek or quiet table games.

"Remember that game of 'Things That Go, Lotto?'" asked John. "Jean and I were playing that with Dad and Mother before we went to kindergarten."

"I came across an old deck of 'Authors' the other day," joined in Jean. "I had to study them for a while before I recalled that I once made up my 'books' by calling for the color of the dot in the corner of the card instead of an author's name."

Speaking of outdoor games, John boasted, "I'll never forget the first time Jean and I beat Mother and Dad at both croquet and badminton. We thought we were *something*, but when our winning streak ceased, it wasn't so funny. I guess having such things happen to us at home makes it easier to take defeat when our side at school loses a game."

The family pointed out a spot in the yard where they had many evenings of fun together. It's their picnic corner.

"How good the food tastes when we cook it in the fireplace we made as one of our summer projects, and then eat it at the table and benches we made in our workshop during the winter," Mrs. Irwin told us. "Often, as the fire is dying down, our children invite the neighborhood children to join them in a marshmallow roast."

Last summer the Irwins visited Yellowstone Park. Weeks ahead, they began gathering information from travel bureaus, libraries, and friends. One family night was spent in learning about the geology of the area: What causes the geysers? Where do the hot springs come from? What are "mud pots"? On other nights they talked about the particular habits of the animals and birds native to that region, and about the flowers and trees they would see there.

"You should see the album of pictures we took, and the postcards we collected," said John. "It took quite a few family nights to get them all assembled."





A family night table-tour. This family is having fun planning their vacation trip. By studying the maps together, they will all become familiar with the geography of the region. And as the final plans take shape, the older children will learn about estimating the expenses of the trip. But, best of all, it's fun!

Here is a home workshop. In basement, garage, or shed, it has endless possibilities. What fun to learn to saw along a straight line, or to sand and paint. And how economical, too, to make toys, doll house, rabbit hutch or bird house, and to fashion new gadgets or furniture for the home or to repair the old favorites.

A few years ago John had developed an interest in stamp collecting, but the rest of the family had slight interest in this hobby until one day John asked his mother, "Where is Fernando Po?"

"I think it's in West Africa, but check me."

John recalled that the next family evening, while playing Chinese checkers, he began to tell the others some of the things he had discovered in the library concerning this island. The family became so interested that they not only forgot the game, but decided to learn about other unfamiliar places listed in the stamp album. Now John's stamp album is more than a book; it is a window to the whole world—and it's fun! Many such collection hobbies can be fun, particularly when they lend themselves to further study.

Pets, also, have made the Irwins' family night at home real fun. Feeding the fish isn't nearly the boring task it was because John has had a part in creating the beauty within the aquarium. "Mother Swordtail should be having her babies any day now," John observed one morning. Soon after they had started the tropical fish hobby, they spent a number of family nights learning the habits of the fish, how they reproduce and how to create a balanced aquarium. Pets of all kinds provide a natural medium for sex education at home.

The Irwins are enthusiastic about their gardening ventures. "The family night dinners which everyone enjoys most are those with the menus built around the fruits and vegetables which the family has tended and which they have helped me can," remarked Mrs. Irwin. Gardening would at first appear to be a seasonal activity, but even in the colder climates it can be developed into a year-round project, with a homemade cold frame or potted plants.

Some nights the Irwins have fun dramatizing Bible stories and the children have enjoyed having a part not only in enacting the story but also in writing the



script. The Irwins vary their "dramatic nights." Sometimes they make a game of their dramatization by having each member pantomime a Bible story while the others guess the story and characters. Frequently, they choose a Bible story in one of their church school lessons for the next Sunday, thus providing an incentive for studying the lesson itself.

Besides enacting biblical stories, they spend other evenings reading plays, with each member taking part. Or they may work together on a skit to be used as entertainment when they share their night at home with others. The family also has found that many fine dramas have been recorded, so that

they can enjoy hearing outstanding actors right in their own home.

Radio and TV have provided a portion of some of the family nights for the Irwins. Before any new program is added to the schedule, there is much discussion in the family council. Many questions are brought up: Would this interest each member of the family? Is it for entertainment only? Could it lead to profitable discussion afterward?

There have been many happy evenings as the family gathered around the piano to sing. Even their neighbors looked forward to their "concerts" and were sorry when the winter months came, and doors and windows had to be closed. What if Dad's voice isn't comparable to Mario Lanza's—you'll have fun anyway! Instead of the piano, the record player can be used to advantage, both as an accompaniment for singing and as a means of hearing great music.

As has already been intimated, family fun night need not be limited to the family alone, but outsiders should not be brought in too often or their presence will tend to make it a social evening rather than a family-centered occasion. The family council might well be the time to plan who the guests are to be and how often they should be invited to share in the family experience. Perhaps a next-door neighbor should be the first on the list; then the newcomers in the block, an underprivileged family, an elderly couple, a family of another race, the children's school and church school teachers, and the minister. All guests will enjoy the fellowship provided by singing together around the piano, listening to a good radio program or viewing a fine TV show, playing games, popping corn or pulling taffy. A brief time of worship together will bring the evening to a perfect climax.

There also are ways in which the family may show consideration for others without actually having them present, as in some service project. Since small children enjoy making scrapbooks, why not check with the children's ward of a hospital or with the kindergarten of a Christian center to see what they can best use. For other mission projects, ask your pastor, the chairman of White Cross work or denominational headquarters. Even the growing of flowers might be motivated by the idea of taking them to the shut-in down the street, or of using them at church school.

Family nights are important. Certainly, living together under one roof or even eating meals together does not make a family into a unit. One of the greatest needs of our homes is a unifying power—a power which will draw the members of the family together. As the family has fun together, it finds itself bound more closely together. A rapport between parents and children is naturally developed which will carry over into more difficult aspects of daily living. Children will be ready and willing to share innermost thoughts with parents, even on delicate and personal problems. Fun and fellowship are a doorway to strengthening family ties for the difficult times that come. A few moments of meditation or worship will prove to be the capstone to a perfect family night at home.

Books for the Hearth Side

FOR CHILDREN

Three Rand McNally Elf-Books which will be interesting to kindergarten children are **To the Store We Go, Our Auto Trip, and The Busy Bulldozer** (Rand McNally & Co., unpaged, 25 cents.) The first of these, by E. C. Reichert, with illustrations by Ora Walker, is a delightful story of possible adventures on a trip to the super-market. Parents will find many suggestions as to how to make the shopping experience one of helpfulness, as well as fun, for the three-, four-, or five-year-old child.

♦ ♦ ♦

Traveling with small children is often a problem. Parents will find, **Our Auto Trip**, by Marion Edsall, full of helpful hints. The youngsters will enjoy the suspense of the story as they wonder where the road will take Bill and Sandy. Illustrations are by Dorothy Grider.

The Busy Bulldozer is challenged by many elements of nature as it constantly helps the people who ask its services. This book is by James Browning and illustrated by Dorothy Grider.

♦ ♦ ♦

The Busy Book, a book of rhymes, riddles and things to do, is another Rand McNally Elf-Book. The authors are Floy Little Bartlett and Josephine Pease. It is illustrated by Helen Szepelah. (Rand McNally & Co., 33 pages, 25 cents.) Young children will certainly enjoy this book, especially on rainy days. There are also many interesting activities that the family will want to try together.

FOR YOUTH

What happens to a white child when adopted into the Indian tribe which stole him is the theme of **Sun Eagle**, by Geraldine Wyatt. (Longmans, Green, & Co., New York, 1952. 172 pages; \$2.50.) Captured in early childhood and raised as an Indian by a medicine man who loved him as a son, Brit Mason, known as Painted Hair among the Indians, is recognized as white by Jesse Chisholm, scout and trader. The latter buys him from the Indians and leads him back to white man's ways. The ensuing struggle provides an interesting story for young folks in the 12 to 16 age bracket.

♦ ♦ ♦

The beginnings of Christianity in Britain is the background for the novel by Maxine Shore, **The Captive Princess**. (Longmans, Green, & Co., New York, 1952. 309 pages; \$3.00.) Here is a story of first-century life in Britain and Rome, of Christianity meeting and conquering Druidian and Roman paganism through the patient, compassionate heroism of a Jewish preacher and a Hebrew slave girl. The telling of the story is as vividly done as if the author were herself a witness of the events as they happened. Another good book for family reading aloud.

FOR ADULTS

A tense and absorbing war novel is Richard V. Grace's **Give Us This Day**. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York, 1952. 210 pages; \$2.75.) How a brilliant flyer in World War II was saved from court-martial and death for a military crime of which he was not guilty is the plot of this novel written by a man who is himself a famous flyer of two wars. The flyer's friend, a newspaper correspondent, and his fiancée are the two whose exciting struggle to free Barry from his fate is finally, after much suspense, crowned with success.

♦ ♦ ♦

Another book by Grace Nell Crowell is always a welcome event. This time it is a book of meditations and verse entitled, **Moments of Devotion**. (Abingdon-Cokesbury, Nashville, Tenn., 1953. 144 pages; \$1.50.) Here are twenty-six meditations by one of our best-known and best-loved poets, who deals with insight and spiritual understanding with the common experiences and problems of life. The book may be used for personal devotional meditation or for group worship.

Children need to understand the march of dimes and dollars;

How income comes and income goes—yes, even for economics' scholars;

How emergencies may best be met by saving when there's plenty;

How family needs sometimes are filled by skimping when funds are scanty.

By NANCY BREWER

—I.P.B.

Bobby meets the Budget



LOUISE, my favorite neighbor, was troubled. The minute she turned her face toward me as she dropped into an easy chair on our veranda, I sensed that something was askew. My first thought was that Keith, her oldest son, had failed to get the job he wanted. I knew that that would be a tragedy to Keith and to his parents, who had skimped in every way to send him through the finest school of engineering in the Middle West.

Immediately I started framing a speech on the many fine opportunities before a young graduate engineer. I was about to say that, with so many jobs within his reach, Keith should not be upset over failing to get this particular one, when Louise began to talk.

Keith, she said, had gotten the job. He had made a trip across town awhile before to tell her about it. After she had congratulated him, she had asked what salary he would be paid. Then to

Louise had come a great blow—Keith refused to answer her question. He even said, "Why should I tell? Father never told me what he made."

For a few seconds I was silent, thinking. I was remembering the

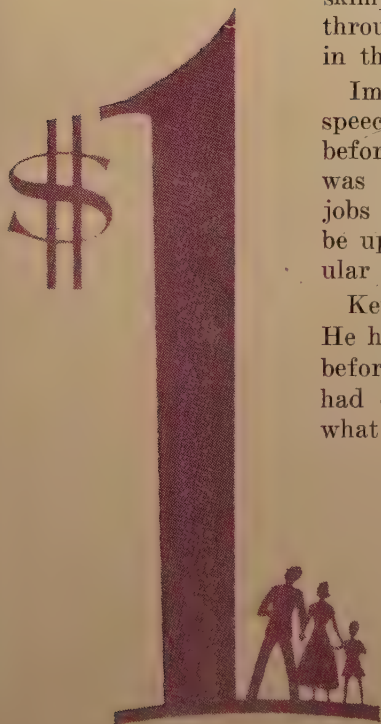
many occasions when Keith had told our George, "I don't know whether or not I can do this. I don't whether or not the folks can afford to let me."

I didn't mention this to Louise. Instead, I said, "Don't quarrel with Keith over this. Just let the question go unanswered now, for soon he'll be so proud of his salary he'll tell you and Jim what it is. Like many young men, he's now harboring a little resentment because he has been an outsider in family financial matters."

Louise replied, "Jim will be hurt if Keith refuses to tell him, for he's financed his way through school with the exception of the money he's earned at odd jobs. And Jim doesn't think the children of a family should know what the father earns."

Many other fathers feel the same way about family finances. Some withhold the information because their incomes are small and they do not want their children to know it. They want them to have the luxuries other children have whose fathers earn more. So the father and mother deny themselves all pleasures and many comforts to enable their children to keep up with those whose fathers have larger incomes.

Still other fathers believe they would lose dignity if they told their sons and



daughters. Some say they feel it is no concern of their children. Others say, and truthfully, "If I told, they would tell other children; soon my pay check would be neighborhood knowledge."

I couldn't deny this last assertion. Henry, my husband, and I often have hearty laughs when we recall the day we heard that Bobby, our oldest son, now a dignified "Robert," proudly told his friends that his daddy earned twenty dollars a week. When the news of Bobby's boasting came back to us, we were at first appalled. Then Henry, whose sense of humor has saved us from many tragic domestic happenings, began to chuckle. "That's what I get for trying to teach him how to budget his money."

Bobby was just eight years old when Henry and I decided he was old enough to have an allowance and to learn how to budget it. Before he told Bobby he was to have a dollar a month, Henry had given him my housekeeping budget to study, which showed how I divided a twenty-dollar allowance among such



items as food, clothing, magazines, etc. Naturally, the little boy thought the twenty dollars represented the whole family income. For, at the age of eight no little boy knows anything about taxes, upkeep of a house, insurance or other expenses. To him, twenty dollars was a magnificent amount of money. A father who earned that much was a wonderful financier in his eyes.

Henry had told Bobby that with his dollar monthly allowance he would have to purchase his pencils, crayons, tablets and sundry other little articles needed at school, make his contribution to church school, and buy occasional ice cream cones, suckers, and chewing gum. The only requirement he made of Bobby was that he keep account of his expenditures as I did. He gave him a notebook for this purpose.

By the middle of the first month Bobby had spent his entire allowance. On the third Sunday morning of the month he asked for church school money. On the third Monday his schoolteacher called to say that Bobby needed a pencil, that he was borrowing from children around him. Bobby's little account book showed sixty cents of the month's allowance had been spent for a toy tractor!

We supplied the money for church school. We bought Bobbie two new pencils. We bought other necessities during the rest of the month, but we gave him no money for candy or ice cream. We knew this would teach him not to "spend all his money for a whistle," as Benjamin Franklin would say on such occasions.

Then Henry worked out a method of teaching Bobby how to handle an allowance. It was so success-

ful that he used it in teaching the four other children who followed Bobby into our home. Henry had Bobby's dollar changed into nickels and pennies. He took a number of small envelopes and on each of these he wrote the purpose for which its contents were to be spent. Next, he and Bobby divided the allowance into portions and put each one into its proper envelope. Into the one bearing the label "Church School," Bobby put his contributions for four Sundays. Into the one on which was written "School Equipment," he put seven nickels. He wasn't sure, though, that school would need so much money, since he had two pencils "as good as new."

But Henry insisted he should be ready for any emergency. He also explained that if some was left in the school envelope at the end of the month, then the amount he would have to put in next month would be less, leaving more money for the candy and ice cream envelope. And when Bobby was putting the pennies into this "luxury" envelope, Henry said, "Remember, there are four weeks in this month, and don't spend all these pennies the first week. You'll be mighty hungry before the month ends."

Four nickels went into an envelope labeled "Savings," with the warning, "Don't borrow from this envelope except

to take care of emergencies."

Gradually Henry explained that parents had other expenses besides the ones for the household, taxes, upkeep of the home, insurance, and other similar ones, and that his salary was more than twenty dollars a week. He also explained information about family income that was to be kept within the limits of the family circle.

In time, Henry shared the data as to his salary when Bobby had become Robert, a high school lad, just as it was shared with the other children as they grew older. Increases in income were also announced. Thus the entire budget became a family affair.

There has never been a time when we did not find it a help and a joy in our home to have the children not only know about the family budget, but also have part in its making. Especially this was true as school expenses mounted and the question of college arose; or when income taxes and prices soared and there was a reduction in income. Under such circumstances the children were wonderful in doing all they could to help trim the budget to fit the income.

This sharing of the family's financial problems has fostered unselfishness among the children, far more than most people can realize until they try it themselves. When Henry's income received its greatest reduction, the older children were positively joyous in finding ways to supplement it. Their one slogan was, "Keep Father from worrying or being downcast. Don't let him know about a single thing we want and can't afford."

Proudly the girls helped make over clothes. Eleanor
(Continued on page 43.)

By ESTHER HOUSTON

Wife of the minister of the First Christian Church, Kearney, Nebraska. The Houstons have an adopted son, and a younger daughter of their own.

Helping a child

Appreciate

being

Adopted

Here a truly Christian mother writes from her own and her friends' experience. And she includes her adopted son's favorite story "about when you choosed me."



HOME IS A HAPPY place from the very beginning when a bride and groom start out on that wondrous adventure of establishing a new Christian home. The many necessary adjustments—meal planning, house-keeping, becoming real helpmates to one another—all keep the bride and groom busy and happy for a while.

Then comes the day when they begin to think about "the patter of little feet." They realize that home is not quite complete with "just two and no more." They long for that joyous experience of having a family. After months and sometimes years of planning, hoping, and praying, some couples awaken to the realization that there can be no children by

birth. Some accept this fact and live happy, useful lives alone. Others discover the indescribable joy of having a baby by adoption. There are other homes where there is a child by birth but circumstances make it impossible for them to have other children. The parents want their child to know the joys of having a brother or sister and so they seek a child by adoption. What a wonderful experience it is to welcome a child into a home—be he adopted or a child by birth!

After a baby is adopted, these questions arise: "Shall we tell our child he is adopted?" "How can we help him to understand and appreciate being adopted?"

To the first question the answer MUST be "Yes!" It is always right to be honest with our children. They have a right to know how they became a part of the family. They have a right to understand how wanted they were and how much difference their coming made in the family. You should not deprive them of the thrill and joy that will be theirs as they realize they are the baby for which you prayed and searched for so many, many months.

To the second question there are probably many answers. One of the important things to remember is that you should help the child to understand when he is very, very young that his adoption has brought real joy into the home. Let him grow up with the idea. In this way there is never the shock of realization that sometimes comes when a child reaches young adulthood and then learns for the first time that he is a child by adoption.

PERHAPS one of the best ways to tell a child that he is adopted is to put this wonderful experience into story form. Children enjoy stories at a very early age and this probably will become a favorite story. It is easy to weave into this story the longing of your hearts, the search for a baby, the joy of finding the right one at last! The story might be something like this:

"Once upon a time there were a mother and daddy. [These terms are not exactly true under the circumstances, but to the child they are more real and understandable than husband and wife.] They were very happy except for one thing—they wanted a baby! They asked God to help them find a baby—the very nicest one in all the world. They looked and looked and looked. Then one day they found a baby. He had big, laughing eyes and the sweetest smile. He had dimples in his cheeks just like yours. [This description should, of course, fit the adopted child.] The mother and daddy looked at him. He stretched out his arms as if he were trying to reach out and touch them. He was the very sweetest, dearest baby in all the world. He was the baby

they wanted more than any other.

"The mother took him in her arms. The daddy patted his little head and the baby made a sound as if he were trying to say, 'I love you.'

"'Isn't he sweet?' said the mother.

"'He must be the sweetest baby in all the world!' said the daddy.

"The mother and daddy took the little baby home with them and he was their very own! They were the happiest family in all the world!"

As the child grows, the story can grow, too. It might reveal more of the details as to how the parents had received a letter or a phone call from the kind lady who had found a baby for them, and how they had hurried to see the baby. Perhaps, later on, something might be included to indicate that the kind lady had told them they would have to see the judge and tell him how much they wanted the baby. They had promised the judge they would take good care of the baby and help him grow to be a fine boy. The judge could see that they wanted the baby very much. He said to them, "I think you want this baby more than anything else in the world. I know you will take good care of him. He will be happy in a home with such fine parents. You may have him for your very own!" And so they took the baby home with them and they were a very happy family!

The day will come when the child is old enough to be told that he was the baby in the story he had heard so many times. He will be happy to know his parents searched for "just the right baby" and then, at last, they chose him to be

theirs forever because they wanted a child to love—one just like him!

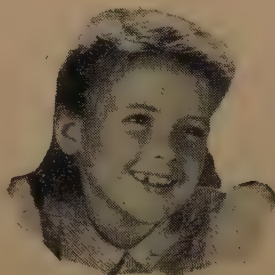
Questions concerning adoption must be answered just as frankly and honestly as questions children ask about their birth. Sometimes the child will wonder why he was in a home for adoption. When the question comes, "Why didn't my real mother and father keep me?" you must be ready to reply. Usually the frank answer can be, "Your own mother and father could not keep you. We do not know all the reasons, but we do know that anyone as sweet as you would not have been in the home for adoption unless your mother and father just could not keep you. But how glad we have been that you were there, and that we could adopt you and have you for our very own! We hope that you are glad, too!"

THOSE WHO HAVE never adopted children seem to wonder how the adopted child can mean as much as the child by birth. Those couples who first found great joy in adopting a child and then had the added joy of having a child by birth testify that they love these children equally. Physicians' records indicate that when a child by adoption blesses a home, certain emotional adjustments follow which often can lead to the couple's having children of their own.

To those who have longed for children and had none by birth, and who have then known the joy of adopting a child, there is no doubt as to their love for that child! The adopted child came into the home because the adults in that home wanted a child to care for and love. Every child needs to know that he is wanted and loved. The adopted child will have that feeling of real security when he knows and understands that he is where he is because he was wanted and is loved.

Let there be no fears in the child's mind. When legal papers are signed, there is a finality about the matter. The child rightfully belongs to the couple who adopted him. He need never have any doubts about the legality of

(Continued on page 46.)



with Young Children

Theme for March: THANK YOU, GOD, FOR THE BIBLE

A WORD TO PARENTS

The materials on this page and on the next two pages are for your use in moments of worship with your children. If you have a family worship service daily in your home, some of the materials here may be used at that time. If you use *Secret Place*, you may find that some of them fit into the meditations in that booklet.

Or, if you and your child have quiet moments together, apart from the regular family worship, the poems, songs and other materials given here may help you share an experience of worship.

Some of the poems, songs and prayers suggested here are from the graded church school materials. If your church uses these materials, your child will have brought home the books or leaflets in which these poems and other materials appear. He will enjoy using these with you at home.

The worship resources given here are divided into three sections: (a) for the 3-year-olds; (b) for the 4- and 5-year-olds; (c) for the 6-, 7-, and 8-year-olds. Should your child want to make his own book of devotions, cut, or let your child cut, along the colored border of each small page. He may paste each of these pages into a loose-leaf or spiral notebook, or on sheets of paper of uniform size which he can tie together with a ribbon.

It is hoped that the materials on these pages will help you as you guide your child in worship experiences.

To Use with Children Three Years Old . . .

"My child is only three years old. What can I do to help him to know and appreciate the Bible?" a parent asks.

One of the most important things you can do is to let your child see you reading and enjoying the Bible yourself. He will soon become aware of the fact that the Bible is a special and important book which Mother and Father read often.

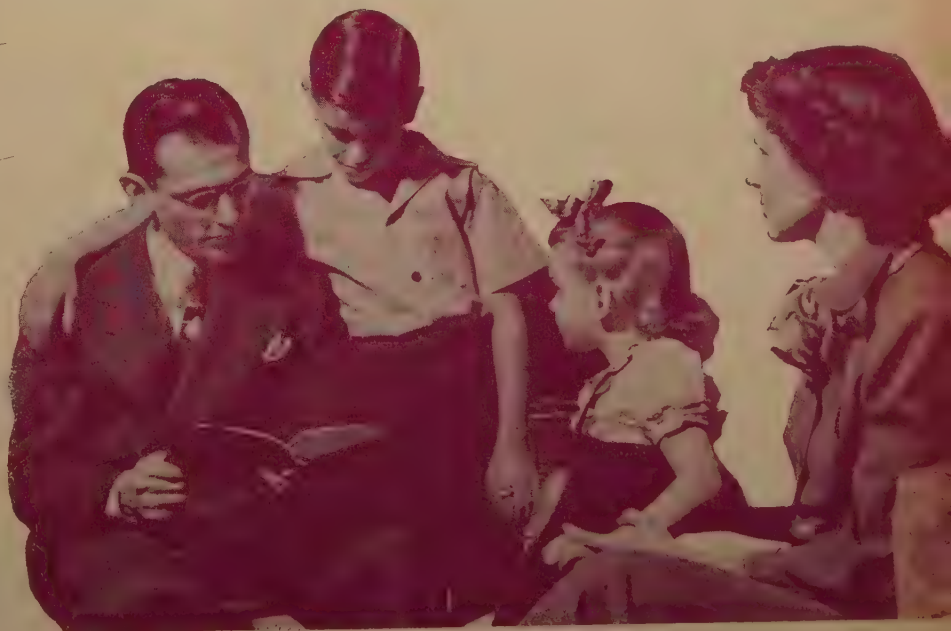
Even a three-year-old child can go a step farther in his appreciation of the Bible. There are a few Bible stories which can be told in a very simple way so that the child of nursery age can understand and enjoy them. When you tell the stories—for example, the story of the children who sang for Jesus—you may tell him that they are from the Bible. It is important to choose the right story for telling. Any story which might cause fear in the child should be avoided. You can be guided in your selection by the church

school nursery materials and by the nursery teacher.

You can begin to lay the foundation for your child's understanding that the Bible tells us what to do. For example, when a child has shared, you may say something like this: "We are happy when we are kind, as the Bible tells us to be." He will begin to see that the Bible has something to do with the way one lives.

Most important, of course, is the atmosphere in your home, the loving, kind and Christian way Mother and Father, Sister and Brother treat one another.

If your child brings home the leaflet *Home Guidance in Religion*, No. 26, which contains the story, "The Children Who Sang for Jesus," read the story to your child. Let him look at the picture. He will probably want the story told again and again. It is a favorite of young children. You will have made a start toward helping your child appreciate the Bible.



To Use with Children Four and Five Years Old . . .

(Cut around the colored blocks and paste each small page into your own book about God's love and care.)

THE BIBLE TELLS OF GOD

I will sing praises!—Psalm 108:1.

We Thank Thee

We thank Thee, dear God, for skies of blue;

For lovely flowers of every hue;

For singing birds and babbling brooks,

For sunny places and shady nooks.

For all the beautiful things we see

We lift our voices in Praise of Thee!

We Thank Thee.

—MARGUERITE ATHERTON

Sing: "Sing Thank You to God," *My Bible Leaflet*, No. 25.

Prayer: Thank you, God, for the Bible, which tells us about Thee and all Thy good gifts to us. Amen.

THE BIBLE TELLS OF JESUS

"Jesus . . . went about doing good."—Acts 10:38.

Simple Things

When Jesus walked upon the earth

He didn't talk with kings;

He talked to simple people

Of doing friendly things.

I'm glad his words were simple words,

Just meant for me and you,

The things he asked were simple things

That even I can do.*

—MARION BROWN SHELTON

Stories to read: "Jesus Chooses Friends to Help Him," *My Bible Leaflet*, No. 23; "An Afternoon With Jesus," *My Bible Leaflet*, No. 24.

Poem to read: "I Like to Think of Jesus," *My Bible Leaflet*, No. 24.

Prayer: We are glad the Bible tells us about the good and kind things Jesus did. Help us, dear God, to do good and kind things, too. Amen.

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THE BIBLE TELLS HOW TO LIVE

Even a child is known by what he does.—Proverbs 20:11 (Moffatt).

What I Can Do

I can share my books!

I can share my toys!

Then I will have a happy time

With other girls and boys.

I can help at home;

Help at church school, too.

"A child is known by what he does."

And that's what I can do.

—JUANITA PURVIS

Stories to read: "Joseph Goes on an Errand," *My Bible Leaflet*, No. 75; "Music for the King," *My Bible Leaflet*, No. 76.

Prayer: Thank you, dear God, for the Bible that tells us how to live. Amen.

THANK YOU, GOD, FOR THE BIBLE

Verses I know from the Bible:

"Jesus . . . went about doing good."—Acts 10:38.

"Love one another."—John 15:12.

"Learn to do good."—Isaiah 1:17.

"Even a child is known by what he does."—Proverbs 20:11 (Moffatt).

"Be kind to one another."—Ephesians 4:32.

"I will sing praises."—Psalm 108:1.

A verse I can sing from the Bible:

"I was glad when they said to me, 'Let us go to the house of the LORD!'"

Prayer: Thank you, God, for the Bible that helps us know about your love and care, and gives us the stories of Jesus. Amen.

To Use with Boys and Girls Six, Seven and Eight Years Old . . .

(Cut around the colored blocks and paste each small page into your own book of devotions.)

THE BIBLE TELLS OF GOD

"The Lord is my helper."—Hebrews 13:6.

A Prayer

Dear God, I've tried so hard today
To be as good as I can be;
I hope you'll like the things I've done,
And always be a help to me.

—LUCILE NAYLOR

Story to read: "How a Great Wall Was Built,"
Pupil's Book, First Year Primary, Winter Quar-
ter, page 42.

THE BIBLE TELLS OF JESUS

Jesus said . . . "A new commandment I give to you,
that you love one another."—John 13:34.

Treasure Book

Treasure Book, the holy Bible,
Book of stories, old and rare,
Book that tells the tale of Jesus,
Book that shows the Father's care;
Treasure Book, the holy Bible,
With all children I would share!*

—FRANCES WELD DANIELSON

Prayer: We are glad for the stories of Jesus.
Help us, dear God, to be like him. Amen.

*From *Song and Play for Children*, by Danielson and Conant. Copyright, The Pilgrim Press. Used by permission.

THE BIBLE TELLS HOW TO LIVE

Bible verses that help us know how to live:

"As you wish that men would do to you, do so to them."—Luke 6:31.

A friend loves at all times.—Proverbs 17:17.

"A new commandment I give to you, that you love one another."—John 13:34.

Be strong, and let your heart take courage.—Psalm 27:14.

"Speak the truth to one another."—Zechariah 8:16.

Through love be servants to one another.—Galatians 5:13.

"Be at peace with one another."—Mark 9:50.

Serve the Lord with gladness!—Psalm 100:2.

Prayer: Thank you, God, for the Bible that tells us how to live. Amen.

THANK YOU, GOD, FOR THE BIBLE

The Bible

The Bible gives us stories
About God's love and care
It tells us, too, of Jesus
And what he taught of prayer.

It gives us many verses
That tell us what to do.
We're glad we have the Bible.
For it, O God, thank you!

—JUANITA PURVIS

Poem to read: "For Stories Fine and True,"
Pupil's Book, Second Year Primary, Winter
Quarter, page 31.

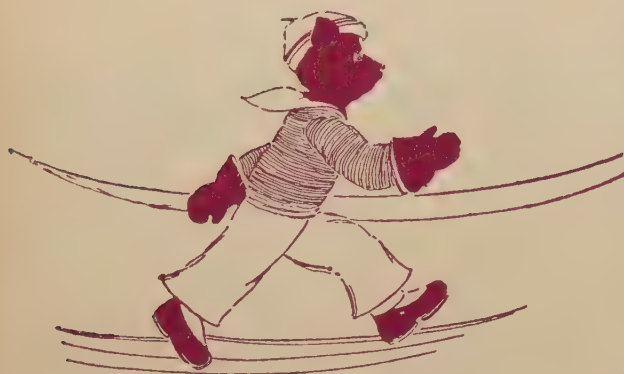


ILLUSTRATION BY CARMON V. LIVSEY

Cuddle Bear Has Tongue Trouble

By Anne M. Halladay

Did you ever look into a mirror to see what your tongue can do? Or did you ever try to talk without moving it? Now, Cuddle Bear . . . But here's the story

CUDDLE BEAR walked slowly down the forest path away from the old mine where he lived with Big Brown Bear Papa and Big Brown Bear Mama in Piney Forest.

As he walked, Cuddle Bear wiggled his tongue up and down, then back and forth in his mouth. Yes, he could move it all right. But why couldn't he make it say what he wanted it to?

No doubt at all about it, Cuddle Bear was having tongue trouble. It had started early that morning at the breakfast table.

Big Brown Bear Mama had walked over from the fireplace to set his bowl of steaming porridge on the table in front of him.

"Finish this before you eat your honey cakes, Cuddle dear," Big Brown Bear Mama had said.

Now, of course, Cuddle Bear loved honey cakes. Porridge was warm and felt good sliding down inside one, but honey cakes were crisp and brown. Better than that, they were sugary sweet. Cuddle Bear had wanted one the minute he had seen them on the table. In fact, he had reached for one even after Big Brown Bear Mama told him not to.

But Big Brown Bear Mama, knowing the ways of little bears, had been watching. When Cuddle Bear had reached, she stepped over once again and pushed the plate of honey cakes away.

"After your porridge," Big Brown Bear Mama had said firmly.

Something very cross and naughty had risen up inside Cuddle Bear as he had watched the plate of honey cakes move out of his reach. He had kicked his chair. It had been then, too, that the tongue trouble had started.

"I wish you would leave me alone!" The shout in Cuddle Bear's words had set the jam pots tinkling on the shelf behind him. No doubt they were as surprised as the look in Big Brown Bear Mama's eyes as she turned toward Cuddle Bear.

Cuddle Bear had been surprised himself and just a little frightened at being so naughty. But he had been determined not to let Big Brown Bear Mama know this. That would never do. So he had looked right back at Big Brown Bear Mama and put all the crossness that he could into his voice.

"Yes, I do. I wish you would leave me alone, and I mean it."

Then another surprising thing had happened. Big Brown Bear Mama had not done one thing. She had not sent Cuddle Bear away from the table. She had not told him to go and sit on his pine-bough bed in the corner. Big Brown Bear Mama had just stood still and said, in a very sad voice, "Why, Cuddle Bear!" Then she had turned back to her cooking.

All this had done strange things to Cuddle Bear. All the crossness

and naughtiness had seemed to go right out of his kicking legs. What little porridge there had been in his stomach did not feel warm and good at all. It had lain like a cold, hard lump inside him.

For even that very moment, Cuddle Bear had been sorry for what he had said to Big Brown Bear Mama. He had wanted to scramble down from his chair and run to lean against Big Brown Bear Mama's spic-and-span apron and tell her so. But for some reason or other, Cuddle Bear had not been able to make his tongue speak one word.

So, to hide how he was feeling, he had stomped across the old mine and snatched his cap from its peg by the door.

Slam! The old mine door had banged him as he went outside.

Now here she was walking down the path, with very little porridge in his stomach, no honey cakes at all, and a tongue that moved all right, but in quite the wrong direction.

As if this were not enough, it really was only the beginning of a bad day for Cuddle Bear. This was strange, too, for in one way, as he met his friends along the forest path, he found most of them doing just what he had told Big Brown Bear Mama that he wanted. His friends were leaving him alone.

Brownie Beaver down at the
(Continued on page 46.)

Everyone wants to be loved, and so did . . .

CLOUDY

The Leftover Kitten

By Helen Houston Boileau

CLOUDY was a sad little kitten. She was not pretty or even very clever, and she did not belong to anyone special.

Cloudy had three beautiful sister cats. They all had blue eyes, fluffy golden fur, and long, bushy tails.

Poor Cloudy was just plain grey. Her tail was short and did not flow out like a plume; her eyes were plain green cat eyes.

Cloudy and her sister cats all lived in the Clarks' basement. There were three Clark children, and each of them had chosen one of the kittens to be his very own. But there were four kittens and only three Clarks. That made one kitten left over, and of course that was Cloudy, the home!y one.

One day when she was especially sad, Cloudy decided to climb up into the apple tree and just curl up and think. Maybe she could think of something she could do to make the children notice her and love her.

Cloudy reached the first branch, but she was thinking so hard that she forgot to stop. She just kept right on climbing. Before she knew it, she was almost at the very top of the tree.

Never before in her whole life had Cloudy been so far off the ground. She peeked down. What a long way it was! Cloudy was really frightened. She was afraid to turn around and go back down. Whatever would she do?

All at once Cloudy noticed something she had not seen before. Not three cat lengths away was a birds' nest. It was quite a large nest, and since there were no birds around, Cloudy decided to climb in and rest.

Although it was quite large, Cloudy filled it completely. It was so cozy, and Cloudy was so tired that she soon was deep in a cat nap. She did not even hear the birds when they arrived home.

When the birds saw a furry stranger in their nest, they were naturally very much excited. They cheeped and fluttered until Cloudy finally woke up.

"Whatever are you doing in our nest?" asked the largest bird. "You'll have to get right out!"

Cloudy explained how she had climbed higher in the tree than she realized and was afraid to climb back down.

"Well," said one of the birds, "if you can't climb back down, you'll have to fly."

"But I can't fly," cried Cloudy. "I'm not a bird like you."

"Too bad!" said the big bird. "Then you'll have to jump, because you can't stay here forever. Now come along. Just follow me."

Slowly, Cloudy uncurled herself out of the nest. She placed one little paw in front of the other, and carefully walked along the apple bough. She was very frightened.

The big bird fluttered on one side and a little bird on the other, offering encouragement. You see, they did not want to be mean to Cloudy, but they *did* have to have their nest back. It was the only home they had.

"Now," chirped the big bird, "you just jump right down to the ground. It's really very easy. We'll come along with you."

Since there was absolutely nothing else to do, Cloudy finally closed her eyes and jumped. Down and down she went, and suddenly she was on the ground. Why, she was right side up! She had landed on her feet. She had almost been able to fly.

Just as Cloudy jumped, the Clark children had come around the edge of the garage. When they looked up and saw Cloudy falling through the air with the birds, they were very excited. "Look," they shouted. "Look at our Cloudy! Oh, she will be hurt!"

When Cloudy reached the ground, all three little Clarks rushed over. They all wanted to pick her up at once. Cloudy was quite taken back with all this attention. It was exciting to be important and have them all wanting to hold her.

No, Cloudy did not mind at all, because at last she knew the children loved her, too. She was no longer the leftover kitten. She belonged to them all!



An unwed mother describes the Christian refuge for unmarried expectant mothers, that gave her haven and a chance to regain her self-respect and faith in God

IN THE

Land of Beginning Again

By Ruth

No longer a resident in the home, Ruth now has a good job and is active in her church

LIFE holds misfortune and sadness for everyone at times; but for the unmarried girl who finds herself on the road to motherhood, there is panic and fear. Her whole life seems to be on the brink of destruction because of the serious mistake she has made. Desperately she seeks security, not only for herself but also for her family and friends. I relate this undescribable despondency *through experience*. Grief and worry hung over me heavily until one day, with a lump in my throat, I rang the doorbell of a minister in whom I had decided to confide. He was the first step in the answer to numerous pleading prayers, and in due time I made my way to the beautiful Land of Beginning Again of which he had told me.

Quietly, shyly, I approached an attractive stucco building. At first I felt conspicuous; fright and shame seized me. But as I waited for an interview, the very atmosphere seemed to overcome the discomfort, and I became calm and collected. When I entered the superintendent's office, his cordial greeting made me know that his attitude was one of understanding and forgiveness. No embarrassing questions were asked; no indifference nor callousness was shown, only acceptance and helpfulness. The lenient rules of the institution were explained, and routine information was recorded in strict-

est confidence. Before I hardly realized it, I had been made a part of an environment beyond all my hopes or dreams. I knew already I would find a haven in my new home, and my appreciation was boundless.

Friendly, welcoming smiles met me from every face as I was shown to attractive, comfortable quarters. Medical care was soon begun, and after reports on routine tests were received, I was given a choice of any vacant room in the house, single or double, and all my desires were satisfied.

The first week dragged lonesomely—a common experience I afterward learned—and soon the pride I felt in my new responsibilities fought away the depression. Each day presented new opportunities; each week, a new routine and interests. Time was well occupied with constructive activities; but occasion for attention to personal needs was plentiful also.

Best of all, God dwelt in the midst of everything, beginning in a beautiful little chapel that took its place in my heart immediately. I witnessed God's forgiveness, his redemption, his guidance; and I became more consecrated than ever before. There was no mortal influence which caused this sensation. It came from deep within and surged forth unprompted.

This place where I found renewal for life ahead is the Texas

Mission Home and Training School at 103 Ninth Street, San Antonio, Texas. Under the direction of a sincere and loving minister, Robert Louis Armor, it is supported by the five Methodist Annual Conferences of Texas through freewill offerings. These offerings taken on designated days are inspired by the explanatory literature the Home sends out.

The Home has not always been the fine institution it is today. It has grown through sixty-two years of progressive toil. It began in a house far down on San Saba Street, in San Antonio's red-light district. Here lived a woman, known as Madame Volino, who misguided many. She had a child, perhaps her utmost joy, who died in infancy. Then, sorely grieved, Madame Volino turned to a Christian neighbor for help and comfort. The friend took advantage of the opportunity to show a soul to Christ. She asked her minister to speak with Madame Volino. He went to her home, taking with him his wife and a church member. There, in the barroom, the four held a prayer service. It was thus that an impure heart was converted to Christian beliefs, and this conversion was the prologue to a good life to come.

Other unfortunates drifted in to Madame Volino's home, seeking shelter. The house was near ruin, and the hardships the women suffered were innumerable. Rain soaked them; beds were scarce and crowded; food was scant. But they put their faith in God and trudged onward, surviving as best they could.

In the modern building that is the Home today, sits an old and mistreated piano, which once sat in the ballroom of the old house. After Madame Volino's conversion that room became a chapel, supplied with dilapidated chairs of various descriptions. But these, like the other furnishings, were insufficient, and some of the women had to stand during services. They had to be careful of loose boards on the floors and of vicious nails that protruded. One plank especially would crash through on one end and pop up on the other, like a seesaw.

One Thanksgiving Day, when there was not a crumb in the house to eat, the women filed into the chapel to sing hymns of praise and thank God for his loving care. It seems hard to believe that in such circumstances they could find thanks in their hearts, but they did. In the midst of the service, word came that a friend who handled meat wanted to know how many turkeys they would need for their Thanksgiving dinner. What overwhelming joy there must have been at this evidence that God feeds his needy ones!

As years passed, conditions became worse. Then a fire occurred, and it became necessary to abandon the place. But where were the women to go? The answer came in 1936, when the trustees bought the deserted Bylor Hospital on Ninth Street. Dr. E. A. Hunter, a minister, was elected commissioner, and it was he who raised the funds to purchase the building. It had been designed for medical care, and much work was necessary to convert it into a home. It was an L-shaped structure, built on an almost ninety-degree curve in the street.

At first the rooms in the back wing were rented as offices, and the Home occupied the front wing. Later, as the Home grew in size, it was expanded to include both wings.

Gradually, in recent years, the old, unattractive hospital furniture has been replaced by modern, durable steel with a fine white oak finish. Each room, though having the same basic furnishings, possesses a different color scheme. These and other improvements have taken place through the aid of individual friends and organized groups.

Three years ago, as a result of fatal fires in several convalescent homes, the city and state fire departments required that all institutions install sprinkling systems or close. An enormous sum was spent to eliminate fire hazards and make the home fireproof. All stairways were enclosed; alarms, extinguishers and fire escapes were installed; and every exit was lighted according to requirements.

About the same time, a beauti-

The Texas Mission Home and Training School. A few blocks away is the Baptist Memorial Hospital, where the girls receive medical care and where their babies are born.



The chapel, the heart of this Christian haven, where services are held daily.



A typical room. Each girl agrees to stay at least 4 months for the training and rehabilitation program that includes sewing, cooking, housekeeping, home nursing, etiquette and music.



ful chapel was built, with a seating capacity of sixty-four persons. Its central location in the heart of the Home signifies the outstanding place it occupies in the lives it touches. Its small organ matches the sanctuary's natural oak woodwork, and green carpeting and drapes give it color. The architectural design inspires reverence, but most striking is the beautiful three-dimension portrait of Christ which is prominently displayed above the organ. It draws many "Oh's" and "Ah's" from visitors, but the ones who gaze upon it in proud possession are inspired with silent humbleness and gratitude. Chapel services are a near and dear part of

the day, and the enchantment of the little room will be long remembered by any who worshiped there.

No girl is ever turned away because of her place of residence, her creed or a lack of funds. Entry means security, even from others in the Home. No information is divulged except her Christian name. No outside help is employed, supplying further protection and at the same time giving each girl the privilege of caring for her Home through assigned duties. The tasks serve other purposes as well: They occupy time, satisfy a normal feminine urge, supply proper exercise, and help train each girl to be an immaculate, efficient housekeeper.

Each girl's individuality is preserved through personal care of her private belongings and the learning and practicing of hobbies. She may seek diversion alone in her room or join others in the big, comfortable living room supplied with television, radio, games and puzzles, library, a fine piano, and air conditioning in summer. A party is held there at least once a month when, on holidays especially, the walls are literally vibrant with excitement.

Food is always important for human welfare, and the Texas Mission Home girls have hearty appetites regularly tempted by the cook's well-balanced diets of full and tasty dishes. The cook and maintenance man, Alberta and Rufus Hill, and their adorable little daughter, Ruth Ann, touch a warm spot in the hearts of many, who bid them sad adieus.



Classes are conducted at short intervals by Red Cross Workers and other interested instructors. From these courses the girls obtain valuable information and fellowship with each other and with devoted outsiders. The girls are intelligent and high-spirited, making comprehending students. To illustrate,

one Red Cross First Aid instructor said she believed she had been able to acquire more cooperation and achieve better results in the class she taught in the Texas Mission Home than in any other.

Care of mother and child is of the finest. A regular trip in the Home's station wagon is made to the clinic each week, and at term each girl is surrendered to the competent staff of Baptist Memorial Hospital, where she stays three days. When she returns to the Home, she spends three days more in the Texas Mission Home hospital on the top floor with a nurse, Mrs. Lella Moore, and girls assigned as helpers to attend to the needs of mother and baby. Afterward she may return to her home town as soon as released.

Meantime, the child is given good nursery care by girls who have chosen to keep their offspring, a decision highly upheld by the Home. The nurse teaches them to care for their own. When a baby is surrendered, the mother can be sure the recipients are sincere in their desires, moral in their living, and capable of providing abundantly for a helpless tot left to the hands of fate. Further-

more, foster parents are matched to the probable inheritances of each baby. What more can a mother give her little one? How much more can she gain for herself than to provide for her young and know at the same time someone else is brought happiness?

Leniency characterizes all rules and regulations at the Texas Mission Home. The few rules that have been made are simple, and were set up for the preservation of properties and the effective training of the girls. Each girl is allowed one day in town, to make necessary purchases and perhaps to satisfy her girlish whims. This limitation of shopping trips is for protection of identity and health. Doors to the Home are never locked except with night latches, so that exit can be made by the front door any time of day or night. But a spinning outside knob and chimes bestow security from strangers. Penalties are not inflicted; they are not needed. Any girl who comes has heeded the call of Christ.

"Come unto me." This is His offer of redeeming love and care for victims of society's condemnation. To those who visit the Texas Mission Home it is His plea for justice and tolerance. If visitors will but look up above the door at the stained-glass picture of our Savior with arms outstretched, they can hardly enter with morbid curiosity in their hearts. And, after seeing what is done within, they cannot leave without believing in the Second Chance the Texas Mission Home and Training School is giving unfortunate mothers and their helpless infants.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This home is supported by the contributions of the Methodists of Texas and their friends. According to information supplied by the superintendent of the home, any unmarried expectant mother with a normal I.Q. is eligible, "money or no money," regardless of creed or place of residence. The Methodists pay the total cost of each girl's care and training (from \$350 to \$550), with one exception: So as not to destroy a girl's self-reliance and self-respect, she is given an opportunity to pay her own medical fee (\$20.00), and to contribute \$100 to the Sharing Fund, which is to assist girls who have no money for personal needs (clothes, bus fare home, etc.).

If I didn't use the yardstick this afternoon, I would have to use it tomorrow. The idea sickened me.



ILLUSTRATED BY IRIS B. JOHNSON

The Garcias and I

A Story by LORA M. CONANT

AS A TEACHER of the third grade in the Prairie Dale School, I met the Garcia family the second Monday of September, 1950. Gilbert was my share of the family. He looked at me with sol-

emn black eyes like a precocious baby—he was the tiniest third-grader I ever saw. I didn't dream he could cause me so much trouble.

There were five other members of the Garcia family: four tattered

specimens of tender age and Mamma. Mamma Garcia was a huge woman who seemed to billow in a series of belligerent extensions from her chin to her toes.

"Gilbert a bad boy!" she an-

nounced. "Him bad! You spank him; make him good."

"Oh, I don't believe Gilbert is going to be bad," I said.

"You spank him," she muttered, and left with the four little Garcias clinging to her skirts.

In my little "melting pot" we talked of nationalities. I always asked each child his nationality, so I said to Gilbert,

"We have five Swedish pupils, two Irish boys, and ten Spanish-Americans. Are you Spanish?"

"Naw," said Gilbert, "I'm just an old Mexican."

I was badly jarred and lost a bit of poise. "Not an 'old' Mexican," I assayed rather feebly. He looked at me with lack-lustre eyes. I tried again, "Mexico is a very interesting country and Mexicans are interesting people. We are glad to have a Mexican in our class." Still he looked at me with bits of black glass in his small, hard face and said nothing. Hastily I grabbed a third reader and told him where to begin reading and how far to read.

I had thirty-nine pupils besides Gilbert. Naturally I forgot him until a noise in the farthest corner brought him back to my mind. I asked no questions. It was evident that Gilbert was trespassing.

"Do you know every word in your reading lesson?" I asked.

"Yes." He looked at me with maliciousness in every line of his tiny face.

"How old are you, Glibert?"

"Eight."

"Do you have any brothers or sisters in school?"

"Naw. Last year I had one but she went dead."

In the back row a small, tow-haired girl raised a hand.

"What is it, Hilma?"

"His sister was Maria, but God took her."

"Naw," Gilbert interrupted, "they dug a hole and put her in the ground."

THAT DAY WAS a nightmare. I was tempted very much by his mother's "Gilbert bad, you spank him." Late in the afternoon I gave him my most winning sales talk.

"Gilbert, in this room only those children who come up to my standard of behavior are allowed to do things. If you are bad you never get to dust the erasers or clean the board or water the plants. All my helpers are children who study hard, who are quiet and let others study, and who obey me. I want you to be a good boy tomorrow so you can be a helper. I need helpers, but only good boys can be helpers. Tomorrow, I want you to be a good boy."

Gilbert didn't commit himself, but three o'clock finally came and I dismissed him along with thirty-nine others. In ten minutes he was back—also his mother. He looked even smaller beside her hugeness. Mrs. Garcia had a red ruler, a pair of small scissors, and five almost-new crayolas. She stuck them under my nose.

"You give him?"

"No," I said. "He was to use them—not take them home."

"Him steal! You spank him, make him good," she commanded.

I looked at him; then I looked him over again; I had no heart for spanking anything so small.

"You leave him here," I temporized, "I'll think about it."

I corrected papers. He sat very still on the front seat before me. When his watching stillness became unbearable, I broke the silence. "You do your lessons better than anyone else in the class. If you would stop your badness, you could finish school, go to high school, and then to the university. The college is interested in smart boys."

"Naw," snorted Gilbert, "smartness ain't so good for Mexicans. I had a smart dad and he's in the pen."

I was completely unstrung, but his statement must be answered. I tried crossness this time.

"That is a foolish thing to say.

People who break laws are in the pen. There are Swedes and Italians and Irish and Mexicans. There are dumb people in jail and smart ones; but no one is in jail who does not break a law. I thought you were a smart little boy, Gilbert, and that's a very foolish thing to say."

With those words, I sent him home; but now I knew that Gilbert was going to be a very difficult child to manage. That was on Friday and I needed a Saturday and Sunday to gather my defenses together. I thought about him a lot and decided if I managed carefully enough, I could keep him from any misdemeanor bad enough to require spanking.

MONDAY came. I managed Gilbert as carefully as an agent does a prima donna. When I saw that he had finished his arithmetic I asked him to erase the board. All went well until I sent five children to the board to do some extra work in arithmetic. Gilbert was not one of the five but he went anyway. I told him to go to his seat or I would keep him in at recess. He stayed at the board. Then recess time came. I had told him I would keep him in; but I had to be on the playground. If he stayed in he must be sent up to the principal. The principal had no inhibitions against spanking, since the law of our state sanctioned it. She had taught Gilbert's father and had said Gilbert understood nothing but force. "He's just a bad one." Recalling her words, I looked at Gilbert and weakened.

"I'm going to give you another chance, Gilbert," I explained. "It's nice outdoors. I am going to let you have your recess; but after this, you must obey me when I tell you what to do."

Gilbert looked at me and his face beamed with triumph. I knew I had made a mistake, but I let him go. Soon recess was over. We started to read. I told an older pupil to put questions on the board. Gilbert went along. I got up and, taking him firmly by the shoulders, returned him to his seat; and went on with the reading lesson. Finally, I got around

to Gilbert, only to notice his seat was empty. He was going toward the door.

"I'm going home," he announced.

"Come here, Gilbert," I ordered; but he slammed the door and clattered down the steps. In ten minutes he was back, very quiet and subdued, beside his massive mother.

"Gilbert bad! You spank him!" she said.

I looked at her and looked at Gilbert. He looked very small.

"Why did he go home?" I asked Mrs. Garcia.

"He said you are a sucker and he wasn't going to school to any sucker," she admitted; and Gilbert shrank even smaller.

"Did you spank him?" I asked.

Mrs. Garcia's eyes grew humble. She stood first on one foot and then on the other. She rolled her hands in her apron.

"I no spank him. Him fight."

My thirty-nine third-graders seemed to sit up and take notice and I could sense them absorbing this unheard-of remark. Gilbert swelled to a larger size. I looked at Mrs. Garcia.

"Leave him here. Go to your seat, Gilbert."

Mrs. Garcia scuttled out. Gilbert strutted to his seat, sat on its edge, and let it slam—set it up again and let it slam once more.

"That's enough of that, Gilbert." I was stern now. "I'll have no more of that."

Gilbert thumbed his nose at me. I got to his seat in double-quick time. I was mad. I grabbed his shoulders to shake him. He bit, he scratched, he kicked, he braced his feet against his seat. I was afraid I would hurt him. It seemed a jerk would break one of his bird legs. I told Hilma to ask the principal to come in. The principal had Gilbert out of his seat and into the office in nothing flat. There she applied the yardstick where it is supposed to do the most good. She returned Gilbert, laid the yardstick across my desk, and asked, "Is this the first time he has been troublesome?"

"No," I spoke hesitatingly. "No, he has been in some mischief since his first day."



It was not my birthday, but that was a small matter in Gilbert's hour of triumph.

"Well"—this was almost a snort—"that's where you made your mistake. Force is all he knows or understands. If you had taken a stick to him the first time he was disobedient, I would not have needed to make the trip down the stairs."

"Yes, I know now," I temporized, "but I had hoped to win him—"

"Win him with a stick next time," she interrupted.

"I am leaving the yardstick here. Use it at the slightest sign of disobedience."

"Yes, ma'am," I said to her retreating back. "Gilbert, do you understand that?" But Gilbert was sobbing quietly. At last he was a good little boy. His mother and the principal were right; all he needed was a good spanking. I hated to believe I was so wrong, but the evidence was there. All day he was good and I relaxed.

By noon the next day he was as bad as ever. I was hearing a class in remedial reading when I heard him struggling with Hilma over the possession of her reader. I

(Continued on page 47.)

If you spell success with an "S" instead of a dollar sign, then don't let old man Time discourage you. Here is help for oldsters from a university-sponsored conference

S

uccess after

FROM THE NEW YORK UNIVERSITY BUREAU OF INFORMATION

JONATHAN JONES'S great-grandfather lived to be forty-eight; his grandfather to fifty-five. Today, say scientists, Jonathan has a better than even chance to live past sixty-seven. They point to the ever increasing number of elderly people in the United States today (an increase of nine million adults over sixty-five in the past fifty-one years). But then they ask, "What's going to be done with our elderly?"

Other societies in other times put their aged to death—throwing them off cliffs or, in Polynesia, making them climb high trees and shaking them off.

Our own society has been equally savage in its disregard of the wants and problems of the aged. All too often a person of plus sixty-five is committed to a nursing home or hospital because no one has helped him make an adjustment to old age.

In some cases oldsters refuse to be shoved aside; instead, they strike out for themselves. For instance, the Mohawk Development Service in Schenectady, New York, originated by a septuagenarian, makes it a policy to hire *only* men over sixty-five. Each employee, thoroughly experienced in drafting or some other technical skill, is happy and content working in retirement. These active older men have no intention of rocking hopelessly on a front porch, allow-

ing their respective talents to go to waste, which they had built up after years of arduous experience. "We may have to slow down a bit, but we're certainly not stopping," is their motto.

There are others.

A retired army officer recently approached New York University's Division of General Education with the request that they lay out a course of study for him. "I've seen too many of these people die of retirement and I don't intend to let it happen to me," he said.

There are older people still carrying on in the arts and professions—such men as Arturo Toscanini, vigorous and productive at eighty-four. Unfortunately, however, the Toscaninis are few and far between. The majority of our aged are sadly in need of help—not merely financial, but psychological and educational as well.

Recognizing this problem, the Division of General Education, the adult school of New York University, recently called a two-day conference on "Society and the Older Citizen." Represented were government, industry, medicine, labor and education. During the conference various methods of dealing with the problems of aging were discussed and several practical ideas were proposed.

Foremost among the decisions reached was the necessity for a

"retraining period" for those who have retired from active participation in business. To many this period represents a time of "shock." The sudden inactivity sometimes proves more than they can handle. As one oldster put it, "There just ain't nothing to play hookey from any more."

But, said the conferees, there's no reason for these people and their skills to be lost to society. What is necessary is a period in which they can learn new skills, trades, avocations and talents—more suitable for their advanced ages. They need occupations and cultural interests which will bring about a happier adjustment to old age.

There are some people over sixty-five who are able to help themselves or whose companies have provided for their well-being, but they are very much in the minority. The rest are really in need of help.

Sometimes physical afflictions prohibit oldsters from returning even to modified versions of their former jobs. It is in cases like these, the New York University conference revealed, that re-education is most valuable.

One sixty-four-year-old machine operator, disabled by the fracture of both legs, was unable to return to his former job. He faced a long, bleak, hopeless future existing on

found that in forty-three years this employee had been absent only seven times and had never been seriously ill. He advised the man to return to work and arranged for an easier part-time job with the company. The pains disappeared and the employee hasn't been ill since.

Those unfortunate enough not to have medical advice or anyone interested in them often degenerate into a state of semi-helplessness, a detriment to themselves and the society they live in. Because our population is becoming older, it is extremely important to the nation for this expanding group of the aged to be well informed. Our aging population will have a very significant effect upon the nation politically and economically; and in local matters the increasing proportion of older men and women will have a direct bearing on whether a community is to be a static or a dynamic one.

It is, therefore, of utmost importance that the older person be informed and helped to understand the newer social issues and community problems. If he is not, then he tends to be fixed in his thinking, translating the present through the past. He might thus be resistant to change, even if it means social improvement.

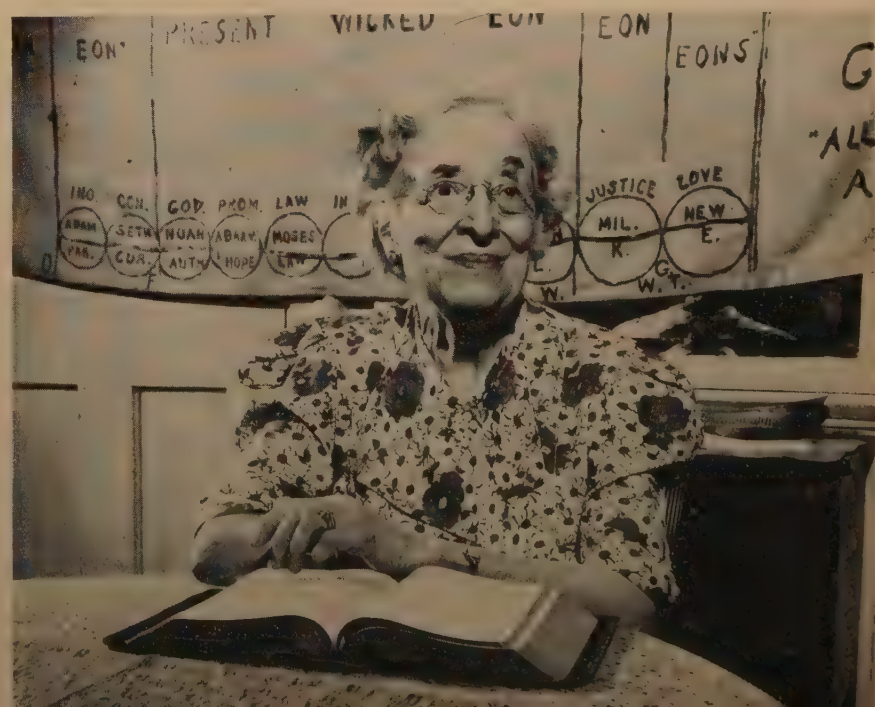
There is also the danger that this large unit of our population might be used politically for unscrupulous purposes. It is to the best interests of the individuals, as well as of the community, for the older person to be aware of ideas different from his own and of the changes constantly taking place in the social and political structure of the world.

Dean Paul A. McGhee, head of the Division of General Education, in the adult school of New York University, said of this problem: "To understand better what is involved in the process of aging—the positive values that come with advancing years as well as the limitations—the older adult needs to become informed on such matters as the following:

- "1. Financial problems of older people. Social security, old age assistance, employment opportunities of older workers, self-employment.
- "2. Physiological aspects of aging. Health education courses.
- "3. Psychological aspects of aging. Preventive mental hygiene.
- "4. Nutritional needs.
- "5. Adjustments in family and social relationships. Grandparent education. Living with other adults.

(Continued on page 43.)

Over twenty-five years ago, this 85-year-old widow, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, began teaching Bible-study groups in her home. Today, she has three 1½-hour classes a week, with a weekly attendance of more than 25 men and women from all walks of life and from various faiths. A student of the Bible most of her life, she says: "The greatest joy and satisfaction of my life is the privilege of imparting to others the blessing I've received through study of God's word."



the dole of his former company. He turned to the State Education Department, stating, "I don't want charity." It placed him in one of its classes, where he became interested in a hotel management course. He now operates a profitable boardinghouse.

Another seventy-two-year-old, crippled in both legs, unable to keep his old job and unwilling to turn to charitable organizations, studied landscape gardening and is now profitably employed in that profession.

Both these older people needed a hand to guide them toward new interests. Many need some inspirational help to convince them that retirement, enforced or otherwise, is an approach to a new life rather than a departure from the old.

Retirement is a shock, even in cases where financial aid is available. The boring, tedious life of those with "nothing to do" sometimes manifests itself in illness for which there are no physiological reasons.

One industrial company represented at the conference cited the case of an employee retired after forty-three years of service. A short time after his retirement he began to complain of aches and pains for which his doctor could find no cause. Perplexed, the doctor consulted company records and

THIS IS THE WAY WE DID IT . . .

Caring for a Convalescent when there are *Children*

By Christie Monson

CARING for a convalescent after a serious illness, in the same home with small children, can be quite a problem. My husband recently came home after six weeks in the hospital following a serious heart attack. "Bodily rest and emotional tranquillity" were important parts of the prescription.

Meanwhile, there was the fourteen-year-old and his baseball pals, the nine-year-old and the four-year-old, all with friends who gathered at our house to play. It was with some reluctance that we let the eighteen-year-old girl and the oldest boy go away to work for the summer as they had planned before their father's illness. They could have been of help at home. However, the doctor said the less around, the better. They had a chance to earn money and to learn to work for others under natural circumstances, so it was decided that the wisest thing to do was to let them go.

It took a little time, but gradually the nine-year-old assumed many of the responsibilities of his older brother, now that he was the oldest at home. He helped inform all playmates that they could play at our house in the morning if they weren't too boisterous, but that they must stay on the opposite side of the house from the patient. What was most important and hardest to impress upon the children was that absolute

quiet was necessary from noon until 3 P.M. At first, playmates came during this interval and had to be asked to go home until the appointed hour. The five-year-old, having outgrown naps, found the two hours most trying, and it was nearly impossible for him to maintain quiet. It helped when we found books that had been put away, or puzzles that had not held interest since the winter months. Then we tried what was a modified bribe system, which we thought had its points and was worth while. After a good noon meal and a quiet rest period on the porch while Father was having his afternoon nap, we planned a surprise for each day. Gum, animal crackers, candy, special cookies, and sometimes toys from the dime store made it more conducive to trying extra hard. The nine-year-old could read stories to his younger brother, the "Viewmaster" could be used, pictures could be cut out. We found that doing a variety of things instead of pursuing the same routine helped.

The nine-year-old took over his older brother's paper route, helped with the garden, lawn, dishes, and dusting, and made himself an indispensable help. Being slightly spastic, he had needed special massage and exercises for several years. Now was his chance to repay his father for that help, so he learned to massage his father's

back and feet at night to help him relax. Learning to be so useful gave him a satisfaction that lessened his usual tension and high sensitivity.

The five-year-old helped, too, spasmodically, and learned to be more quiet, though not without lapses. One day he awoke to say he didn't feel good and wanted breakfast in bed, like his father. He ordered four bowls of cereal and did eat two. Then he asked to have the light turned on, for his father had a light on in his north room much of the time. After an hour in bed he decided it was rather boring, so he got up and dressed. Another day, when he had stubbed his toe and could not stop crying, I sat down to read to him. He asked, "Are you through running up to Daddy now?" It isn't so easy to cease being the youngest with extra privileges nor all at once to be hushed so much. Babies don't grow up all at once. He had his fifth birthday while Father was still quite ill. That somehow signified a growing up, and he was able to assume more duties—wiping dishes, dusting stairs, even helping rub Daddy's back. They seemed to be a source of great satisfaction to him, now that he was deprived of so much attention. We tried to find some time for extra stories and special attention so that there would be no feeling of deprivation in a situation one so young could not fully understand.

We are yet far from our goal of restored health, but slowly returning strength now allows Father to read some stories, too. This is the way we helped to make a difficult situation more tolerable for us all.

This Is the Way We Did It...

Hearthstone would like to hear from its readers regarding the way they have handled certain problems and situations which have come up in their families. Write-ups should be limited to 500 words or less. Contributions which are accepted will be paid for at regular rates. Only those articles will be returned which carry return postage. Here is the chance for our readers to write!

AN UNBELIEVING GENERATION?

(From page 15.)

camping experience is that of a truly Christian community. From the time the day begins with a period of morning watch, through the Bible discussion period, the craft program, the athletic contests, and on through the day to the "good-night" service, young people are having a closer walk with God. Ask the young men and women who are preparing for full-time Christian leadership in the seminaries and training schools where they received their "call" to the ministry. Most of them will tell you it came at a summer camp or conference. At the close of World War II, when Hans Arndt of Germany became youth director among the Baptists of his country, he wondered what kind of appeal would be necessary to catch the attention of hardened Nazi youth. He found the answer in the camping movement. From all over Western Germany they came, willing to live in old army tents and endure many other inconveniences, but in this out-of-door setting they were glad to listen to the teachings of Christ.

YOUTHS have been accused of becoming commercial minded and of choosing to worship the "greenback calf" rather than to seek first the Kingdom of God. Indeed it is true that some young people are giving no thought to preparing themselves for the future, and have quit school in order to take well-paying jobs which are of questionable value to society. But how about the young people who are volunteering by the dozens to give a whole year of their lives in worth-while Christian service. Every year some of the best of our college and seminary graduates turn down offers of good jobs and volunteer for special service at only a subsistence wage. These young people become modern "saddle-bag" preachers traveling from community to community, giving leadership and inspiration to youth in local churches. Instead of riding on horseback, they

ride the buses, but their sacrificial service and sense of mission is just as great.

Another evidence of the strong religious faith of our youths is an increased interest in youth evangelism. Some denominations are now employing full-time directors of evangelism among youth, and the young people have been eager to participate in the program. Acknowledging that Christ began his ministry with a call for disciples who might go out to win others, and that he ended his earthly ministry with the great

**Thy word is a lamp to my feet
and a light to my path.**

—Psalm 119:105

commission to go into all the world to teach and baptize, young people have rediscovered their Christian duty. A high school girl recently spoke for five minutes in the morning service, telling of the experience of the young people as they went from door to door calling upon their unreached friends. This caused the chairman of the official board to arise and say, "If the kids can do it, so can we." And a permanent visitation group was formed. Only recently, thrilling reports have been published about student evangelism in England, summer teamwork in France, the "Die Rufer" movement of Germany, God's Invasion Army in America, and other projects sponsored by the young people.

BUT, LEAST ANYONE should say that the examples we have quoted represent only a minority of young people, let us look just a bit further before we accuse youth of being "an unbelieving generation." Instead of speaking only of those who are already active in the churches, let us look at a cross section of the teen-agers enrolled in our high schools. Dr. H. H. Remmers and his associates, of Purdue University, recently concluded a panel of opinion among high school pupils in every section of our nation. They sampled 2,500

pupils in all four high-school grades. They included large cities, smaller communities, and rural areas. They included pupils of all faiths and of no faith, and they asked some very revealing questions about what young people are thinking. This report¹ gives many revealing facts.

Forty-two per cent of the young people attended religious services once a week; 27 per cent attended two or three times each week. At the same time, 57 per cent said their mothers attended at least twice a month, but only 40 per cent had fathers who attended that often. Eighty-nine per cent would like to know more about religion, but 72 per cent said they were not confused in their religious beliefs. Seventy-six per cent do not like to argue about religion. Thirteen per cent said that the more they learned about science, the more they doubted their religious beliefs, but 83 per cent said science did not weaken their beliefs. Fifty-seven per cent said that religious faith was better than logic for solving life's important problems. However, while 27 per cent thought that one should accept his religious faith without question, 57 per cent said it was all right to raise questions. Only 33 per cent said that men could build a good society without any divine help; 46 per cent thought differently. Fifty-seven per cent thought that the first writing of the Bible was divinely inspired; 86 per cent believed in answered prayer. Eighty-one per cent said that churches were *very* good places and another 14 per cent rated them as good places. Sixty-eight per cent were opposed to drinking alcoholic beverages, and 36 per cent were opposed to smoking. Seventy-three per cent said that their religious beliefs made them happy or very happy.

Young people may have many faults. Who is there who doesn't? But in spite of it all, the Christian church will continue to grow and flourish when its new leadership takes over. For today's youth is "a believing generation."

¹Purdue University, Lafayette, Indiana, Report of Poll 28: *Some Personality Aspects and Religious Values of High School Youth*. Price, \$1.00.

family life



By JOSEPH JOHN HANSON

Every church needs a program of Christian family life education. No emphasis in the teaching ministry of the church is more vital to the religious development of children, youth, and adults. Increasingly, church leaders are realizing that the success of every Christian teaching program depends in no small measure upon family cooperation in learning, and in applying the principles of the Christian faith. It is imperative, therefore, that all who engage in Christian teaching shall utilize every valid technique, method, and material that contributes to an effective "link-relationship" between teacher and parent, between church and home.

Despite significant advances in some churches, many other churches need to be reminded that a dynamic Christian family-life program "just does not happen." Like every other phase of Christian education, a good family-life program requires careful planning by responsible persons who represent various age and functional interests. Thus, in every church there is need for group planning at each age level by teachers and officers, plus some "over-all" planning by a Committee on Home and Church which is related to the Committee on Adult Work.

Although some churches do not possess extensive equipment, leadership, and related resources, it is possible, even for a small constituency, to incorporate a few emphases on Christian family life that shall bring spiritual enrichment to every church home.

A few basic approaches to Christian family life in the local church are suggested below:

1. *Organize a Committee on Home and Church*, composed of a representative of each age group, and related to the Adult Committee.
2. *Provide counseling services.*
3. *Sponsor special interest groups.*
4. *Develop a plan of teacher visitation.*
5. *Emphasize special days and occasions.*
6. *Distribute guidance and enrichment material.*
7. *Schedule periodic family-centered programs.*
8. *Offer annual courses on Christian marriage.*

The Department of Adult Work and Family Life will gladly provide further suggestions for local church programs of Christian family-life education.

Family Life Packet

A new packet containing administrative and program suggestions on Christian family life is now available from the Department of Adult Work and Family Life. The materials in this packet should be very helpful to leaders of parent-education programs who wish to establish better home-church relations, and who seek to incorporate family life activities into the total church program. The packet, which costs fifty cents, contains such pieces as:

- "Church and Home in Partnership," by Blankenship.
- "Building the Christian Family: A Program for the Churches."
- "Organizing Parents in a Hearthstone Fellowship."
- "The Transformation of the Judson Family." *A play.*
- "A Year's Calendar in Parent Education." *Leaflet.*
- "Program Resources for Parent Groups." *Leaflet.*
- "Bibliography on Christian Marriage, Home Making, Family Life." *Leaflet.*
- "Literature for Parent Study Groups." *Leaflet.*
- "Worship Materials for Families with Young Children." *Leaflet.*
- "Audio-Visual Aids on Home and Family Life." *Leaflet.*
- "What Parents and Teachers Have a Right to Expect of Each Other." *Leaflet.*
- "We Dedicate Our Home." *A pageant.*
- "Family Night at Church." *Leaflet.*

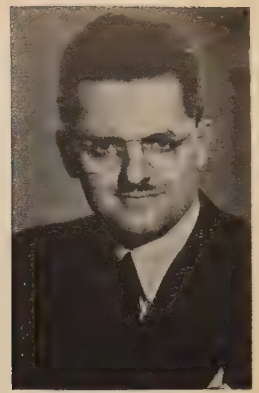
New Materials

Love Is No Luxury, by Marjorie Louise Bracher. (\$1.00, paper; \$1.50, cloth.) Those who have occasion to teach parent groups will find this an excellent resource as a text, as well as a good book for individual enrichment. It discusses the multiple responsibilities, relationships, and resources which are basic to successful parenthood and family life, and offers practical help in creating and maintaining a Christian family.

Family Camp Packet. (50 cents.) This packet contains mimeographed reprints of materials that have been used with success in the National Young Adult Family Camp at Green Lake. It may be ordered from the American Baptist Department of Adult Work and Family Life. The packet includes:

- "Families Go Camping," by Joseph J. Hanson. This is an administrative and program guide.
- "Family Camp Devotional Guide."
- "Family Camp Song Book."
- "Camper Evaluation Form."
- "Camper Interest Finder."

Your Home Can Be Christian, by Donald M. Maynard. (\$2.00.) This is a book about children, which tells how they can be helped to grow up feeling secure in a home where family life is grounded in Christian faith. It is excellent for parents of young children as well as for parents of adolescents.



Family Counselor

The various modern isms do not disturb a man or woman who has developed "horse sense" before he graduates from high school. Don't waste your money and your child's time by sending him to college if he doesn't have common sense, for a trained theorist is actually more dangerous than an ignorant one!

Marcia W., aged 18, is a recent high school graduate.

"Dr. Crane, my father wants me to go to college and is willing to send me for a full four years," she stated. "But I don't know what I want to study, although I do feel I should like to go. However, I haven't been able to make up my mind which college I should attend.

"Some of my friends insist that I should go to the state university. Some of them are attending private schools. Others are going to women's colleges. Some urge me to enroll at a coeducational university. Some say it is better to be in a small college with maybe five hundred students, but others tell me I should go to a big university with thousands of pupils. So, Dr. Crane, what do you advise?"

UNIVERSITY IN PRINT

Making a decision in this matter is like trying to pick the best automobile from the medium-priced group. They are all good. You can get your money's worth from each one. Therefore, the final decision becomes largely a matter of minor items, such as the personality of the auto salesman,

whether he's a friend of yours, and your previous experience at the wheel of one car or another. In much the same manner, a student can get his money's worth in sound education at a small college as well as at a large university.

In fact, you readers can become well educated by correspondence courses and personal reading if you have the industry and perseverance of Abraham Lincoln, Benjamin Franklin and similar illustrious men of the past.

EDUCATION OR RITZ

Some people go to college for social prestige, fraternity or sorority membership, and a desire to "ritz" the home folks by boasting about the football prowess of their famous alma mater. Others have more serious motives, and aspire to become better educated, possibly for a later career in teaching, medicine, law or other fields of business and the professions. Even among the latter students, of course, the social motives are usually a partial factor.

As for the formation of lifetime friendships and a strong feeling of college spirit, I would recommend the smaller school. Like the big cities of America, the large universities are not as productive of neighborliness and friendliness to the degree possible in smaller institutions.

WHY GO TO COLLEGE?

One of the biggest dividends accruing from college is self-confidence and social poise. The college man knows he has been exposed to as much knowledge as the next fellow, and he also knows

how little of it really "took." The noncollege man or woman is likely to overmagnify the active knowledge retained by the university graduate, so he tends to step back and let the college man go ahead of him, oftentimes when the college man actually knows less. But if you haven't attended college, you don't understand how little effective knowledge is really retained.

Colleges are also a good matrimonial market. Many of our coeds at Northwestern will frankly admit that their parents shipped them here to get an intelligent, ambitious husband. This is one of the most laudable reasons in the world for sending your child to college, and is one of the shortcomings of a one-sex college, such as a men's school or a women's college.

But don't waste time in college if you have no "horse sense." An educated theorist is more dangerous than an ignorant one, for his college degrees may impress many nonthinking people into voting for his braintruster ideas.

Send for my one-hour "Test of Horse Sense," enclosing a 3¢ stamped envelope, plus a dime. Let your high school son or daughter use it to test his gumption or practical gumption before he goes to college.

♦ ♦ ♦

A good teacher for the early grades in grammar school should possess social perspective, which is synonymous with a sense of humor. But don't be too quick to condemn a sour-faced spinster teacher, for her daily tasks in school would often exhaust even an athletic football star.

Sandra D., aged 5, is an only child. "Dr. Crane, she is very good at home," her mother volunteered, "and gets along well when playing with the neighboring children. If she ever gets unruly, I can always reason with her without spanking. But at kindergarten, her teacher claims she has never had a child as bad as Sandra.

"When they were using water colors the other day, Sandra put some of the paint on a little boy's face. The teacher seemed very much surprised and shocked. She took Sandra by the hand and led her into the first grade room, where she told the other teacher and the entire roomful of older children just what Sandra had done.

"I remonstrated with the teacher about publicizing a child's misdeeds, but she tells me that is the method they employ. Recently she took a little boy into the next room and publicly spanked him in front of the first grade children.

"Sandra now hates school and her teacher. The latter gloatingly

informed me that none of the other little girls will play with Sandra any more. Dr. Crane, do you think the teacher is right?"

BE FAIR TO TEACHER

We need to be unusually tolerant regarding the teachers in the early grades of school, for their task is exceedingly difficult. They receive thirty-five or forty youngsters who aren't accustomed to the classroom restraints. Many of these children are typical little grandstanders and selfish egotists who have had no brothers or sisters at home, and who therefore don't even know how to play or share toys or cooperate in simple activities. Accordingly, we seldom dare believe in entirety the fond mamma's report about her model child, for parents of a single youngster don't encounter the full gamut of child psychology.

TEACHING GROWS HARDER

It is more difficult to teach nowadays than it was a generation ago, for our kindergartens are so full of "only" children. When people used to have larger fam-

ilies, their youngsters were taught social cooperation at home, for they had to learn how to get along with their brothers and sisters with a reasonable degree of success. But now they may seldom have contacted other youngsters until they enter kindergarten. The teachers are therefore compelled to assume a greater share of the burden of socializing modern youngsters.

If you think it is easy to conduct a kindergarten with thirty-five children, you are sadly mistaken. A mother of three children is usually worn out by the end of the day. Multiply her problems by ten, and you obtain some idea of the teacher's nerve-wracking task.

TEACHERS NEED HUMOR

We psychologists don't wish to give the impression that all teachers are perfect, however, in their knowledge of child psychology. For some are good teachers, and some are poor teachers.

Others may lack a sense of humor; so they make mountains out of molehills. For example, putting a few dabs of water-color paint on the face of Sandra's classmate was not a heinous crime. True, it must not be ignored, for that would invite repetition of the naughty deed. But the punishment should not be comparable to a public execution, nor should a child be openly shamed and humiliated until she feels she has the mark of Cain on her forehead.

When punishment is administered, good teachers try to make the affair a private one. Send the child to the principal, if need be, or keep her in during recess, or, if you employ corporal punishment when indicated, do so in private.

Send for my "Test for a Good Teacher," enclosing a 3¢ stamped envelope, plus a dime. Many PTA groups are using it for discussion purposes at their monthly meetings.

(Always write to Dr. Crane in care of this magazine when you send for one of his psychological charts.)

Give HEARTHSTONE for a Gift!

Next Month:

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STUDY GUIDE

on "Family Nights at Home Can Be Fun"

By ELIZABETH and EDWIN McCLAIN

—Study Article, page 16

I. Leader's Preparation:

1. Familiarize yourself with the article, the study guide and the supplementary material listed below.

2. Appoint a small committee to help make plans and assist at the meeting.

3. Have suitable materials available for the discussion group (see below).

4. Arrange a display of books on hobbies, games, plays, etc., suitable for family use. [Your religious publishing house may be willing to supply books for this display if you send your request well in advance of your meeting.—Ed.]

5. Consideration might be given to having a display of family hobbies. This demonstration could well be the beginning of plans for a family hobby show.

6. Possibly a representative from the National Recreation Association or someone else trained in leading group games for all ages could be secured to suggest games for the family and to lead the group in playing some of them when the children return to the group.

7. Perhaps the evening could begin with a family fellowship supper.

8. If the evening's agenda is to include a sharing of family experiences, have a few families prepared in advance to describe their family nights or to give demonstrations of their activities.

9. The topics listed under Group Discussion may be handled in these ways:

a) If the group is small, have a discussion of any two or three topics.

b) Larger groups could be divided into three or four smaller units, with a topic assigned to each. Give each a time limit for both preparation and presentation of its ideas to the entire assembly.

c) Have a panel discussion; then open the discussion to all persons present.

10. An alternative to group discussion is a debate. Choose the method most suitable to your situation and the one which will bring the best results.

II. Plans for the Meeting:

1. *Devotional period.* One of the following passages could be used as the basis: Mark 10:13-16; Matthew 25:31-40.

2. *Distribution of paper and pencils,* with the suggestion that everyone take notes for future reference.

3. *Introduction of principal feature* (panel, leader, filmstrip, guest speaker).

4. *Discussion period.* (See III below.)

5. *Fellowship.*

Bring in the children and play a game which could be used in the home.

(See page 42 and previous issues of *Hearthstone* or books listed below in Suggested Resources.) If the group has not had dinner together, light refreshments could be served at this time. Close with a fellowship circle and prayer.

III. Topics for Discussion:

1. Values to be derived from a family night: fun; sportsmanship and fair play; relaxing of tensions; broadening of horizons; strengthening of ties for difficult times; increasing parental understanding of youthful attitudes.

2. Experiences of families present.

3. Adaptation of ideas and suggestions for families with children of different age groups; for different seasons of the year.

4. Games for various age levels, (a) indoors; (b) outdoors.

5. Plays and stories which the family could read together.

WHEN CHILDREN COME WITH YOU

Plan to have a leader who may:

Conduct a Story Hour. Suitable stories may be found in this magazine, in the primary and junior church school story papers, or in books borrowed from the public library, the school or church library.

Guide in Making Articles. Suggestions are frequently found in this magazine as well as in church school papers and in such books as, *Do-It-Fun for Boys and Girls*, by Mary and Dale Goss; *Holiday Craft and Fun*, by Joseph Leeming; *Here's How When*, by Armilda Keiser. Easter greeting cards might be made for family and friends. A missions project could well be started, which might be continued in the home. For information, Baptists write to Miss Florence Stansbury, 152 Madison Avenue, New York; Disciples, to Miss Carrie Dee Hancock, 222 South Downey Avenue, Indianapolis 7, Indiana.

Direct Games. Suggestions will be found in previous issues of *Hearthstone* and in the books on games listed under "Suggested Resources" on this page. If the children are to join the adults at the close of the evening, the leaders of the two groups should coordinate their programs.

6. Radio and television programs best suited to family listening, (a) for entertainment; (b) for good music; (c) for information; (d) for inspiration.

7. Projects in which the family might engage, to help others: missions, shut-ins, church, etc.

8. Hobbies and handicrafts in which the whole family might engage.

IV. Suggested Resources:

Enjoying the Bible at Home, by Anna Laura Gebhard. Bethany Press, St. Louis, Mo., 1951. 32 pages; 50 cents.

Toward a Christian Home, by Florence M. Sly. Bethany Press, St. Louis, Mo., 1949. 32 pages; 45 cents.

Youth and the Homes of Tomorrow, by Edwin T. Dahlberg. Judson Press, Philadelphia, Pa., 1934. 160 pages; cloth, \$1.25; paper, 75 cents.

Christian Happiness in the Home, by F. W. Wiegmann. Bethany Press, St. Louis, Mo., 1947. 96 pages; 50 cents.

The Little World of Home, by Wilfred and Francis Tyler. Broadman Press, Nashville, Tenn., 1949. 120 pp., \$1.50.

Home Play, National Recreation Association. Published by the Association Press, New York, N. Y., 1945. 96 pages; 25 cents. A handbook of games.

Phumology, by E. O. Harbin. Abingdon-Cokesbury, Nashville, Tenn., 1923, 454 pages, \$1.95.

Fun Encyclopedia, by E. O. Harbin. Abingdon-Cokesbury, Nashville, Tenn., 1940. 1,008 pages; \$3.95.

Games for Boys and Girls, by E. O. Harbin. Abingdon-Cokesbury, Nashville, Tenn., 1951. 160 pages; \$1.35.

Games for Quiet Times and Small Places. National Recreation Association, 315 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y., 8th edition, 1949. 60 pages; 50¢.

Low-Cost Crafts for Everyone, by Harry A. Reynolds. Blue Ribbon Books, Garden City Publishing Co., Garden City, N. Y., 1943. 322 pages; \$1.00.

Fun and Festival Series, by Rose H. Wright. Friendship Press, New York, N. Y., 1952. 48 pages; 50 cents each. ("Fun and Festival from Africa"; "... from the Other Americas," etc.)

Children's Games from Many Lands, by Nina Millen. Friendship Press, New York, N. Y., 1951. 214 pages; \$1.25.

Hearthstone. See previous issues for family games and crafts.

"Play Readings Are Profitable Fun."

"The Best in Radio Listening."

"Radio for the Family."

Leaflets, Board of Education and Publication, American Baptist Convention, Philadelphia.



March Magic

By Loie Brandom

WE SPEAK of the "Mad March Hare," the "Month of Bluster and Blow" and St. Patrick's Day, March 17, in this merry month of March. With all this array of material it should not be difficult to arrange a real jolly evening of fun for family and friends.

Invitations may be made from heavy Kelly-green paper. Cut shamrocks three or four inches across. On these, using white ink, write the following verse:

An' sure, if ye'll bring yer family,
Each Pat and gay colleen,
We'll have a jolly gathering,
While a-wearin' o' the green.

Hour—Date—Place—

A bit of Ireland itself can be brought to the party if the rooms are decorated with streamers of green and white crepe paper, Irish potatoes, harps, flags, snakes, pipes, and other emblems suggesting the Emerald Isle. Sheer green tissue paper may be used to make shades for the lights.

Irish Riddles. As the guests arrive, pin on each a large green shamrock on which a number and a riddle have been written with white ink. If the riddles can be adapted to fit the occasion, so much the better. One old conundrum, for example, could be revised to read, "Why does an Irishman wear green suspenders?" The an-

swer of course is, "To hold up his trousers."

Or, why are weary Irishmen like automobile wheels? Because they are tired.

What is the difference between a pessimistic Irishman and an optimistic one? When the Irishmen put 2 and 2 together the pessimist gets 4, but the optimist gets 22.

In Ireland, what is the difference between a jeweler and a jailer? One sells watches and the other watches cells.

Why are green lollypops like race horses? The more you lick them, the faster they go.

While the shamrock is being pinned on, each guest is handed a pencil and sheet of paper. The guests are to move about the room, read each one's riddle, then record the answer to each by number on their sheet of paper. Later in the evening, an appropriate prize should be given to the one having answered the largest number correctly.

Start the fun off with the following lively game:

Pats and Colleens. Two players choose sides—an equal number in each group. When all is ready, music is played on some instrument, or someone stands by the radio to turn the knob to make the music soft or loud. When the music is played softly, the Colleens

are all to do an Irish jig, but when the music gets loud, they stop instantly and the Pats begin doing the jig. Anyone caught by the judges jiggling out of their turn must leave the game. And what makes it all so confusing, but lively, is the fact that Pats and Colleens are in each group, so that parts of each group are always keeping time to the music, while others of the same group are standing perfectly still. The game is won by the side which has the most players remaining in it at the end of a certain length of time (ten minutes perhaps), or until one side is completely out of the game.

Irish Yes and No. Two or three players go out of the room and decide upon some object that is connected with Ireland in fact or fiction—the Blarney Stone, snakes, pipes, pigs, potatoes, peat, Irish jaunting cart, cork, shillalah, Irish linen, Lakes of Killarney, St. Patrick, etc. When they return to the room each of the other players gets to ask them one question that can be answered by a simple, yes or no. Suppose, for instance, they had chosen the Blarney Stone; then the first guesser might ask, "Is it green?" the answer of course is no. The next guesser might ask, "Is it in Ireland at the present time?" And then, "Can you eat this object?" In this way the possibilities are narrowed down until the object is guessed. If it is not guessed by the time each player has asked a question, then the choosing team wins and they are allowed to retire from the room and decide on another object about which the players can question them.

Potato Pass. This game, like the last, is one in which all may take part from Grandpa to Junior. Divide the players into two groups of equal size, and line them up in two rows facing each other. The top member of each row is handed a basket containing six potatoes of varying sizes. This is because they are harder to hold onto if you are passing first a big potato followed by a very small one. The object of the game is to see which row can more quickly pass all the potatoes down to the bottom of the

ow and back again to the basket. Each player must take each potato first in one hand, then in the other, before passing it to the next in line. And never must a player have two potatoes in one hand at the same time.

An Irish Jaunting Cart Ride. With chalk or a string, make a straight line across each end of a long room or hall. The lines should be about a yard from each wall, one to be used for the starting line, and the other for the goal. Each team of contestants is composed of two men, or boys, and one girl. There can be as many teams in the race as the width of the room will permit. The two boys of each team grasp the sides of a lightweight, straight kitchen chair, on which the girl of the team seats herself. The boys are blindfolded and, holding the chair between them with the girl in the chair, stand erect on the starting line. At a given signal, all the teams start across the room toward the goal line, and the first team across, wins.

The Blarney Bag. A large green bag made of crepe or tissue paper, filled with paper-wrapped candies, is suspended by white ribbons from the ceiling in the center of the room. The oldest guest at the party is handed a light cane, blindfolded and led about the room for a minute or more to make him lose his sense of direction. He is then asked to first find, and then burst the bag. The other guests will probably have to stoop down, while he is feeling about in the air with his cane for the bag, but when he finally slashes it, and the candies come showering down, they will be in the best position for collecting the rewards.

"Little piggie" sausages in hot buns with barbecue sauce, potato salad and coffee, with milk or cocoa for the youngsters, make delicious refreshments for a party of this kind. "Irish stew" served with toasted crackers and coffee, also make a treat welcome to all.

If the guests are then still loath to leave, finish the jolly occasion by singing Irish ballads, and telling Pat-and-Mike jokes.

Success After 65

(From page 35.)

"6. Forming new concepts of successful living. Working for satisfaction rather than money.

"7. Agencies serving the aged. Public health facilities, mental hygiene clinics, visiting nurses, recreation centers, employment centers, nursing the old age homes.

"The adult schools of the country can provide much of this information for older people," Dean McGhee added. "Already established adult programs—with no segregation of age groups—provide a wealth of training opportunities and the general cultural education so necessary to full, mature living. Also, data of the kind described can be integrated into special short lecture-discussion courses of value not only to older persons but to individuals in the middle years who are giving thought to successful retirement in later life."

Like everyone else, our older adults need to love and be loved in order to be healthy. But this is not possible when they are suddenly confronted with inactivity which may turn them into crotchety, nervous individuals. Psychiatrists warn that idle retirement is likely to aggravate personality defects, to bring out deep irritations, and to turn a fine citizen into a liability to himself and others.

Our mental hospitals are flooded with elderly people who are not insane but simply confused, harmlessly childish or depressed—senile

largely because they are permitted to let their minds rust away.

Education, the New York University conference decided, is one of the important answers to the double question, "What can we do for the increasing number of elderly people, and what can they do for themselves?" It is not the only answer but it will help enrich the lives of millions of Americans who otherwise would be left rocking their way into senility.

Bobby Meets the Budget

(From page 20.)

crocheted beautiful rag rugs from cast-off garments for the bedrooms where new rugs were needed. Robert and George became adept at repairing and repainting the furniture, the walls and the house itself. Even Donald studied gardening and vied with Henry and the older boys in making our garden produce great amounts of fine vegetables, much of which we "women folk" had canned.

When Robert entered the engineering college in our town, the girls, now in high school, started baby-sitting with zeal, buying their own clothes and paying all their school expenses. The family had agreed at a conclave that Robert must not do any work outside school because the freshman course was so difficult that many failed and also because he wanted to start with a high record in scholarship that year.

Mary Jean made the short, little speech which caused Robert to stop worrying over the great amount of money to be spent on him, when she said, "Two years from now, I'll be just where you are, Bob, and you can have the role I now have. That's the way we'll all get college educations."

And so we have made them family affairs—these college educations for our children, just as we have made our whole family budget, and not only the money budget but the joys, the sorrows, the failures and the successes.

Louise is no longer troubled because Keith kept his salary a secret from the family for several months. She even says that she and Jim admit their responsibility for his attitude. They are proving this feeling by sharing the family budget with Keith's two younger sisters. Keith knows much about it, too. And Jim Lane, like Henry, will never have to say, when one of his children wants to get married, "I'm against it. Why you don't know how much it costs to keep a home going! I've spared you all that, etc., etc."

And our Robert is now getting ready to show young Bobby, his son, how to budget an allowance. He told us so, adding, "I'm going to use your plan, Dad, which you really should copyright."



"Say Pop, my teacher says the way you do arithmetic problems, she wonders how you stay in business."

When Rachel Came

(From page 13.)

nice for the boy to sit with his folks . . . makes him know he belongs. . . ."

Irene bit her lip and avoided Bill's amused eyes. She had always been the one to insist Donny was not old enough to come to the table. Bill had said, "I don't see the little fellow very much, and anyhow he's got to learn manners sometime."

"This is Mr. Murray, Rachel," she said icily.

"How-do," said Rachel politely.

With more than necessary vigor, Irene shook out her napkin when their self-appointed cook had scurried back to the kitchen. "You see what I mean? She's so . . . overwhelming!"

Bill patted her hand and leaned across the table to tweak Donny's ear. "So you've finally become a man, eh? You'd really like to watch your daddy eat?"

Donny regarded him gravely. "Do you splash? I splash my mush."

Bill rolled his eyes in pretended anguish. "Please! And I don't drink out of my saucer, either. Do you?"

Donny hooted. "It's cups! You drink out of cups. Rachie say so."

"I've told him that a hundred times, and Rachel does it in one easy lesson," murmured Irene.

They sat silent while Irene plucked at her necklace and Bill eyed the door hopefully. But no Rachel appeared with their dinner.

Irene cleared her throat loudly. "We're ready, Rachel."

Still no dinner. Donny wrinkled his nose and pretended to be a bunny, while Bill whispered, "Now what?"

Then the door opened, and Rachel came in, empty-handed. She came and stood just behind Donny's chair. Head bowed, eyes closed, she stood silently waiting.

Bill blinked hard and Irene thought, *It's the blessing. She's waiting for us to ask the blessing. When did we last ask a blessing? We used to. Why did we get careless and so rushed that we forgot?*

Irene nodded at Bill. He got a little red, bowed his head, and murmured, "Bless this food to our use. . . and thank you, God."

When Irene lifted her head she saw that Rachel's eyes were brightly blue. The woman stood there for a moment like a proud mother hen who has witnessed the return of a family of prodigal chicks; then she padded swiftly back to the kitchen.

Bill wiped his forehead. "Whew! We won't forget that again."

THE NEXT MORNING Irene awoke feeling she must still be dreaming. There was the odor of fresh coffee in the air, and somewhere a high, thin voice was singing, "Abide With Me."

Bill propped himself on one elbow and sniffed. "The good pixies have everything under control. I don't even hear our young scalawag."

Irene whipped back the covers and tumbled out of bed. "I overslept . . . but not that woman," she muttered as she brushed her tangled curls fiercely. She started toward the door but Bill called her back.

"You forgot something."

"What?"

"Your slippers."

Irene sent him a withering glance, grabbed her slippers, and flew down the stairs. Just outside the kitchen door she hesitated.

"What you doing?" That was Donny's voice.

"Talking to God." Rachel was matter-of-fact.

"Why?"

"Every morning before I drink my coffee, I shut my eyes and ask God what I should be doing that day."

"I talk to God, too," said Donny brightly. "Last night when I said my

**The good man is
his own friend.**

— Sophocles

lay-me-downs, I asked him for a red sucker. I like red suckers."

Outside the door, Irene flinched.

"At night you must say thank you to God," Rachel admonished sternly.

"Do you?"

"Most certainly."

The boy seemed to be considering. "Then I will say thank you, too. If I get my sucker today, I will say thank you to God tonight."

Irene cleared her throat loudly and pushed open the door. "Good morning, Rachel. How is my big boy?"

"I have eat," Donny announced sweetly. "I have eat with a big spoon like Daddy."

Irene glanced at Rachel, but she was busy with the percolator. "I don't sleep good on strange beds, Mum. Seems like I might as well fix the breakfast." There was a pan of bubbling eggs and crisp bacon on the back of the stove and muffins in the half-open oven.

"But we only have toast and coffee. Bill doesn't have time for a big breakfast. . . ."

"Bill will take time," he announced as he strode in, tying on his bathrobe and sniffing loudly like a bloodhound.

Donny crowed with delight. "Daddy's funny."

"I always say a good breakfast is a fine thing for a sleepy stomach and tunes up the disposition," observed Rachel. "A family should breakfast together." She turned to Irene for confirmation.

Irene gulped. "Why, yes . . . yes, of course."

After the Murray "family" breakfast and as soon as Bill had left, Irene fled upstairs. She smoothed beds and

fluffed pillows while she thought, *This woman is taking over my household. Who is she to tell me how to run my house and my family?*

Rachel came padding up the stairs and found Irene. "I don't want to be in the way, Mum. You tell me what to do."

Irene turned with a sharp retort on her lips and met the anxious blue eyes. "Why . . . you're doing fine, Rachel. Just fine," she said weakly.

WHEN three days had passed, Irene decided she'd never been so furious so many times before. And why? Well, it was really quite perplexing. Surely she shouldn't be annoyed because a very capable, blue-eyed woman had managed to rearrange and reorganize the Murray household until it was breezing along more smoothly than it ever had before. So many things Irene had disapproved before had suddenly become the accepted thing. Like Donny being allowed in the front yard. Rachel had personally introduced the little fellow to each shrub and blossom. Almost magically she injected in him a healthy respect for "Mother's pretty trees." And there hadn't been the slightest reason for Irene to protest, "He's ruining the place." He wasn't at all. This matter of smooth household management came so easily for Rachel that in spite of herself Irene marveled. She was increasingly amazed by the way Rachel's eyes could get soft and almost loving over a sweet potato pie or a pan of beaten biscuits.

It was the fifth day after Rachel's arrival that she set a large-sized slice of lemon pie before Bill, and he gasped, "My word! What's that two inches of white stuff on top?"

"Egg white," said Rachel proudly, and she turned to Irene. "I can get more egg white out of an egg than most anyone. That's the way I am."

Irene looked over at Bill's dreamy expression and said meekly, "Maybe you could show me how."

Rachel beamed. "Yes, Mum."

It was on the sixth day that Irene made her last and most violent protest. "That woman's running my house and she can't stay here any longer. I don't care if she does get lonely in empty houses."

Bill quirked an eyebrow. "Rachel is only trying to help. Personally, I think she's doing a swell job."

THE AWAITED telegram from Mother Murray came while they were at the dinner table. It was the eighth day.

"I'll take Rachel and her suitcase over tomorrow, and she can get the house ready," Irene said.

Bill toyed with his teaspoon and absently sugared his coffee a second time. "You know . . . it's funny but I've sorta gotten attached to the old girl."

"You . . . you have?"

Bill looked thoughtful. "I can't exactly say what she's done around here, but . . . there's a difference. Have you noticed it?"

Irene stiffened. Then she nodded. "Rachel!" cried Donny suddenly. "Don't go, Rachel."

Irene turned and saw that Rachel had come in from the kitchen. She looked with questioning eyes at Irene.

"Yes, Rachel," said Irene pleasantly. "Mother Murray is coming home. I'll take you over in the morning."

The oddest expression crossed the woman's face, and then she hurriedly left the room.

I ought to feel relieved, thought Irene. No more of this trying to live up to Rachel. I'll be free again. Yet strangely enough she didn't feel the liberation she had expected.

Rachel emerged from the kitchen again and set a dish of warm custard on the table. "I always say you shouldn't leave a body alone by the water until he can swim," she observed soberly.

Irene thought this odd statement over cautiously.

"Swim with Rachie," said Donny gleefully.

Rachel patted his head. "I decided I belong right here."

Irene gulped and caught the gleam of interest in Bill's eyes. She looked at Rachel, standing there, staring down at her bony hands. Then quite unexpectedly she heard herself saying, "Stay, Rachel. Yes, do stay on with us"

The woman's head jerked up, and Irene was startled by the look in the blue eyes. A slow smile lighted Rachel's plain face. "Why, Mum, that's the nicest thing anyone ever said to me . . . I'll always say so. . . ."

There was a small silence and then Bill cleared his throat sharply. "Well, that's fine, Rachel. Then . . . I guess you're staying. . . ."

But Rachel shook her head. "No, Mr. Murray." Faint pink touched her lips. "If . . . if my girl had lived I think she would have been sweet and pretty like the Mum here . . . and just as needin' of a little help."

Irene was startled. She had never thought of Rachel in a home of her own, with children of her own. Yet why not? No woman had ever shown herself more wise as to what made a happy home, the things that made a house look "lived in." All those small things that tied three persons into one family.

"You won't stay?" Irene said softly.

"I always think it must be right for the oldsters to take time to show the young," Rachel straightened her thin shoulders briskly. "But you don't need me here any longer. Not really. My duty is with Mother Murray now."

Irene gripped the handle of her cup hard. "But maybe someone else. . . ."

Rachel sighed. "I tried to think that right at first, too, Mum. I decided to stay. Then I remembered to talk to God about it out there in the kitchen."

Bill leaned forward. "What did he say, Rachel?"

"He said just like I knew. He said my duty is to Mother Murray now."

Irene looked directly into Rachel's

eyes and saw a new look. She saw satisfaction, confidence, faith that "Mum" and Mr. Murray were very well able now to manage for themselves. Irene smiled, and understanding passed between the two women.

Irene wanted to say, "I'll be grateful . . . eternally grateful," but the words would only have embarrassed Rachel. And there was really no need to speak. The keen blue eyes had

prodded deep and seen what lay in Irene's heart.

The Murray home will never be quite the same, marveled Irene. Not Bill or Donny . . . or myself. "We'll miss you, Rachel," she said simply.

Rachel blinked once and fumbled for her handkerchief. Then with an amazing burst of speed, she gathered up the dessert dishes and disappeared into the kitchen.

Hearth to HEARTHSTONE

Letters and Comments from Our Readers

Businessman's Comment

An Indiana business executive made this comment in a letter dated November 21, 1952:

"Again we wish to congratulate you on your splendid publication *Hearthstone*. The paper is attractive, your typography is unusually good; layout is well done and your material is pertinent. You are doing a good job of editing. I always get something worth while out of each issue you send for our files."

Oil Operator Enjoys Illustrated Article

A Texas oil operator and drilling contractor took the time to write the following letter after reading the article on the Henrichs family, by Norma C. Brown (June, 1952, pp. 16-18):

"I have recently had the pleasure of reading a copy of your magazine *Hearthstone* for the month of June, 1952, and was particularly impressed with the article and photographs on 'The Story of the Henrichs Family.'"

"In the first place, the article was splendidly written. In the second place, excellent photographs were used, which to the reader mean even more than the article, for anyone can look at the characters in the photographs and get a real spiritual uplift and impression."

"The world really needs the ingredient of hope, and if I have ever seen an article with photographs that gave to the reader a real tonic, it is this one. You are to be commended for furnishing the readers of *Hearthstone* with such heartening material. . . ."

Dallas, Texas

HARRY HINES

"Words Fail Me!"

Mrs. Virgil A. Sly, of Indianapolis, Indiana, who contributed an article describing her family's custom of sending personal Christmas cards of their own design (Dec., 1952, pp. 22-23), wrote this note:

"Please refer to page 21 in the December issue of *Hearthstone*."

"'Words Fail Me!' All of those words and others, too, I will say about this December issue. (And that is not because of the article on pages 22 and 23!)"

"It really is a beautiful and stimulating issue. Congratulations. Gets better all of the time."

Montana-Japanese Relations

A congregation in Montana is building a new church. One of its members, while reading the November, 1952, *Hearthstone*, saw the picture on page 19, of a Japanese minister baptizing a young woman in a church in Yokohama. He immediately sent us a letter asking for details of construction of the baptistry pictured there. It seemed to be just the type his church wanted.

Special Requests

Marie C. Hay, superintendent of the St. Louis Children's Home of the Disciples of Christ and author of "Why It's So Hard to Find a Child" (Oct., 1952, pp. 22-23), telephoned to say that as soon as that issue reached our readers, she had numerous requests from ministers for additional copies of her article.

A South Bend, Indiana, woman recently ordered a complete file of the *Hearthstones* (Jan., 1952—Jan., 1953) containing the series of articles on family life in countries where American Baptist and Disciple missionaries are stationed. Most of these, you will recall, were written by the missionaries, who also supplied many of the illustrations. We had a similar request for files of the numbers containing the series of articles on versions of the Bible.

To Our Readers

Beginning with this issue, we shall publish some of the letters and comments of our readers—yes, and of our writers, too. Here are some of the things we should all like to know: What members of your family read *Hearthstone* regularly? How are you using *Hearthstone* in your home? In your church groups? What articles have you found especially helpful? What features do you and your family enjoy most? Send us your ideas and your reactions, and, insofar as space permits, we shall share them with all our readers. Address your letters to the Editor, *Hearthstone*, 2700 Pine Street, St. Louis 3, Missouri.

BIBLEGRAM SOLUTION

(Biblegram, page 10.)

"Judge not, and you will not be judged; condemn not, and you will not be condemned; forgive, and you will be forgiven; give, and it will be given to you."—Luke 6:37, 38.

The Words

A Lincoln	K Devil
B Unended	L Windy
C Wiggle	M Willow
D Joined	N Bacon
E Journey	O Fever
F Goofy	P Aunt
G Bonnet	Q Divide
H Mounted	R Maybe
I Igloo	S Bald
J Dugout	T Vent

U Tong

Helping a Child Appreciate Being Adopted

(From page 22.)

his signature, for their name becomes his name. People who adopt children should be sure that they have such legal papers. A birth certificate can be issued with the child's name, by adoption. Thus it never becomes necessary for the child to reveal to anyone, except by choice, that he is an adopted child. This is important to the child.

Because the adopted child is loved and wanted, it is not very difficult to help that child appreciate being adopted. In fact, the writer knows of two adopted children in one family. Each joyously celebrates two birthdays—one of them is the date of birth, the other is the date of adoption. Both are very im-

portant dates in their lives. These children have been helped to realize that it was a real day of rejoicing when the final adoption papers were signed and they became members of that family.

Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home—especially when there's a child in it!

Cuddle Bear Has Tongue Trouble

(Continued from page 26.)

river was busy mending a leak in his dam. He could not stop a minute to play with Cuddle Bear.

Then as Cuddle Bear turned about, to go into the forest, he saw a flash of red in the branches above the path and called, "Sammy Squirrel!"

The flash of red halted for a minute. But when Sammy Squirrel peeked down through the pine needles, his cheeks were so full of nuts that Cuddle Bear could hardly understand what his little friend was trying to say.

"I am taking these over to Chippy Chipmunk. He is almost out of nuts. Can't let a neighbor go hungry, you know." Then off he scampered.

So Cuddle Bear found himself left alone again.

Not that Cuddle Bear would have had a very good time playing, even if he could have found someone to play with. For now with afternoon coming on, he was hungry and tired. Besides, he could not forget the look that Big Brown Bear Mama had given him when she said, "Why, Cuddle Bear!"

Perhaps Cuddle Bear's legs knew better than his head what he really wanted, for they started to walk home to the old mine. Almost the minute he turned about, Cuddle Bear began to feel better. He walked a little faster. Then, as he walked, he tried moving his tongue.

"I am sorry, Big Brown Bear Mama," he said to himself, just to try it out. Just hearing his voice say the words did something to Cuddle Bear. Now he started to run. In no time at all he was pushing against the mine door.

"Big Brown Bear Mama! Big Brown Bear Mama!" he called as he ran.

But then Cuddle Bear stopped. For there was no one there to hear him. Big Brown Bear Mama was not there.

For a minute Cuddle Bear just stood still and blinked. No Big Brown Bear Mama by the fireplace. No Big Brown Bear Mama stirring up good things above the table. Cuddle Bear turned now to look up at the peg where Big Brown Bear Mama always hung her shawl.

"E-e-e!" he squealed. It was gone!

A terrible feeling came over Cuddle Bear, worse than any empty-stomach feeling could ever be. Oh, had Big Brown Bear Mama thought that he had meant what he said to her that morning? That he really wanted her to leave him alone? And had she . . .

Then—pad, pad, pad! There came a noise from outside.

Cuddle Bear scarcely knew whether it was his heart thumping inside him or whether his ears were really hearing something. He was almost afraid to push open the door. But when he did, Cuddle Bear let out a third squeal. This time it was a joyful one. For Big Brown Bear Mama was coming up the forest path.

Cuddle Bear never knew just how he did get to her. All he could ever remember was how sweet it was to smell the clean freshness of her spic-and-span apron as he leaned against it and cried.

"Oh, Big Brown Bear Mama, I didn't mean what I said to you this morning. I don't want you to leave me alone ever, ever."

Big Brown Bear Mama's voice was quiet when she answered. But it was no longer sad.

"Don't you worry, Cuddle Bear. I would not leave you alone even if you wanted me to. Especially when you were naughty. Why, that is when little bears need their mamas more than at any other time."

Of course, Big Brown Bear Mama's words were surprising. But they did not astonish Cuddle Bear half as much as his own. And how easy it was to make his tongue say them.

"I am sorry I said it, Big Brown Bear Mama."

In spite of the noisy rattling of the plate on top of the honey-cake jar, Big Brown Bear Mama had heard. Cuddle Bear was sure of that. He could tell from the look in Big Brown Bear Mama's eyes. He was sure even before she gave him a honey cake and answered, "I knew that you were, Cuddle Bear. Even this morning I knew."

And as he bit into his crisp, sweet honey cake, Cuddle Bear scarcely heard her for wondering, "How could any bear, big or little, know as much as Big Brown Bear Mama knew?"



"I filled inkwells today!"

THE GARCIAS AND I

(From page 33.)

picked up the yardstick and walked over to him. Gilbert looked at me and then at the yardstick and scurried to his seat in desperate haste. Twelve times that day Gilbert was into real mischief, and twelve times I walked over to my desk on which the yardstick lay, carried it over to where Gilbert was misbehaving, and reminded him of what the principal had said. But after the first threatening reminder he went to his seat each time with less timidity and more bravado. Just before school was out, he threw an eraser across the room and hit Hilma. I consoled Hilma a bit and then went over to Gilbert without the yardstick this time.

"Why did you throw an eraser at Hilma?"

"I felt like it."

"Do you remember what the principal told me to do if you were disobedient?" Gilbert cowered in his seat.

"Do you remember?"

No answer.

The dismissal bell rang. Gilbert brightened but cowered again when I said, "You must all leave the building at once, because I have something to settle with Gilbert."

They were all very quiet and solemn-eyed. They marched out virtuously ignoring the doomed Gilbert. Hilma was the last in the line and her short skirt swung in disapproval as she passed him. I got the yardstick and looked at Gilbert, who sat quietly now. If I didn't use the yardstick this afternoon, I would have to use it tomorrow. The idea sickened me. Until school was out, every day or two I'd have to spank that tiny bit of badness. If I could have given him one good spanking and made an end of it, I would have had stomach for the task; but my best spanking couldn't equal the principal's, and the effect of hers was brief and passing.

Flies buzzed in the window and I sat and watched Gilbert. First I looked at Gilbert and then at the yardstick, and then at Gilbert again. His black-marble eyes never left my face.

I had a sudden whim—really I could not call the thing an inspiration. I reached over to the drawer where I kept precious things and took out the story-book *The Voyage of the Mary Adair*. It was a beautiful book. I had had it when I was a child but it looked new. I had brought it to show to the class before the catastrophe of Gilbert burst upon me. I took the paper from around it and said, "Look at this, Gilbert."

He must have come slowly, but I was busy looking at the lovely illustrations and did not notice he was there until his little head came between me and the page. He did not say a word—just devoured the pictures with his eyes. I waited until I thought the first pictures were completely absorbed by his small childish mind, and then turned the

pages slowly, giving him time to digest each. When I was about to close the book, his small hand held it flat, so I waited a bit longer. At last he took his hands away and looked at me. I wrapped the book carefully in the paper and gave it to him.

"You may have it, Gilbert," I said. "Take it home."

He disappeared like magic and I sat exhausted at my desk and thought of Gilbert and looked at the yardstick. The door opened. Mrs. Garcia heaved her huge bulk through the door followed by a damp and tear-soaked Gilbert. She handed me the book unwrapped.

"Him steal!" she said. "You spank him." She spoke belligerently.

"No," I said, "I gave it to him. I wanted him to have it." I handed the book to Gilbert. He malevolently brushed off imagined dirt where his

**A teacher affects eternity; he
can never tell where his influence
stops.**

—Henry Adams

mother had touched it and said, "I want paper to wrap it." He did not say "please," but I gave him some paper. He ignored his mother. I helped him wrap the book and said, "You can look at the pictures now. When you can read better, you can read it."

Gilbert took it and loftily departed without looking at the huge woman who followed him. At the door she turned to me. Her eyes were not belligerent now, but what they were I couldn't say.

NEXT MORNING, Gilbert was in his seat when I got there. A wrapped package was on his desk, the book beyond a doubt. I merely smiled and said, "Good morning, Gilbert." He said something very low. I wondered what now. I sat at my desk and began making content reading questions. A hand touched my arm—a hot baby hand. It was the first time he had ever touched me. I looked at him.

"I can read it," he said.

"You can?" I was properly impressed. He got the book, laid it on my desk and unfolded the paper. I noticed then his little black paws were shining clean—no longer little black paws.

"I read to there," he said. I felt he had.

"Will you tell the children about it?" I asked.

"Wait till I read to here." He pointed to the picture of the little boat on the pond. I agreed to wait, and he went back to his seat and read his book.

Eventually he reached the picture and I told the class Gilbert was going to tell them about the book he was reading. He strutted up, holding the book like a jewel, and carefully raised it for

the class to see. He told the story well. His eyes were soft and black.

I SCARCELY breathed for the next two weeks. I hunted over libraries to find books as prettily illustrated as *The Voyage of the Mary Adair*. I would say to Gilbert, "This book belongs to the library. I brought it for you to look at," and he always answered, "I can read it, Teacher. Really I can. Please let me show you."

For a long time he carried his precious book to school every morning wrapped in its paper and back every night; but at last he became so interested in his new books that he left it at home. He was a nice, quiet little bookworm. He always insisted on telling about each story he read, and as I could not let him monopolize time that belonged to the other children, he stayed after school and told each one to me. I listened to endless children's stories and was not particularly bored; I found the change in him so amazing.

Then came the last day of school. The children were all in their seats looking over their report cards when the door opened and in came Mrs. Garcia and Gilbert. She swelled with pride and Gilbert carried a cake—a huge cake with five candles on it.

"I make you a cake," she said, and Gilbert stood holding the cake—his hour of triumph.

The situation was a bit puzzling. I looked at the candles.

Mrs. Garcia answered my look, "He thinks cakes must have candles."

"A birthday cake for you," Gilbert panted breathlessly.

I took the cake and set it on a low table and gave Gilbert the matches (my birthday was in September, but that was a small matter). He lighted the five candles and then started the song "Happy Birthday to You." The other children sang, "Dear Teacher," but Gilbert sang grandly, "Happy birthday, Mrs. Conant! Happy birthday to you!"

I cut the cake and we ate it. Mrs. Garcia gave me a small package. I gave Gilbert his report card and untied the package while Mrs. Garcia and Gilbert gloated over the report card. The present was a muslin luncheon cloth made with drawn work. The work was beautiful and must have taken months to finish. I tried to thank her adequately. I hated to think of the time she must have spent on it.

Mrs. Garcia took the cake dish and Gilbert took his report card and started to leave. Gilbert looked at me and said, "You liked your birthday cake," and I cast my English to the winds and said, "It was grand."

Mrs. Garcia came quite close to me and fumbled for words. Her eyes were full of pride, "Gilbert a good boy, a smart boy," she beamed. "You nice teacher," and touched my hand—then Gilbert intervened and took her home, marching proudly and without looking back.



Over the Back Fence

March Musings

... The first month of the Roman year until 46 B.C., when it became the third month of the Julian Calendar. However, it remained the first month of the legal year in England until 1752. March gets its name from Mars, the Roman god of war. . . Anglo-Saxons called it the "loud-month" or the "storm-month." Today we might well call it "church-month," because March probably sees the highest average attendance at church of any month during the year. . . For many, it is "headache-month" due to the inevitable day of judgment which comes to American citizens on March 15. . . **Remember!** Passenger cars were involved in 74 per cent of the fatal accidents on our highways in 1951. Be **MORE** careful this year, as pleasure driving begins to pick up this month.

Stewardship in the Home

This is the month when we determine how much we must "render to Caesar" of the "things that are Caesar's." March 15 is also an appropriate time to give some thought to what the home is doing to develop a real sense of Christian stewardship.

It is a sobering thought that only about one and a half cents out of every dollar that the average home spends goes for religious and charitable purposes. If the lowly nickel and dime are no longer worth much consideration for their purchasing power, what can be said for a cent and a half? It is not enough even to mail a postcard now.

Of course, thinking in terms of averages is hardly fair. Only a fraction over fifty per cent of our population belongs to the church. That practically doubles the giving of church people, which therefore arises to the magnificent value of a three-cent stamp!

Furthermore, only about thirty-five per cent of those who are church members are regular and consistent contributors to the financial program of the church. This increases a little more the contributions of those that contribute!

But after making all possible allowances, the man who this month is making out his income tax return is falling far short of the twenty per cent allowable reductions for religious and charitable causes. In other words, it costs less to give generously now than ever before.

Give the Help They Need

Again Easter comes around with its many opportunities for varied expressions of our Christian faith and compassion. Not the least among them is the annual campaign of Easter Seals for the benefit of crippled children and adults.

Christmas Seals to help combat tuberculosis are widely known and used. Easter Seals are only just beginning to catch on. Anything that is given to these causes can be applied toward that twenty per cent reduction on your income tax mentioned in the preceding paragraph.

Who would not *want* to help Jimmie, and others like him?

Jimmie is not yet two, but Easter Seals are already helping him. Here, in his own home, he is learning to walk by practicing on the parallel bars supplied by the Society for Crippled Children.



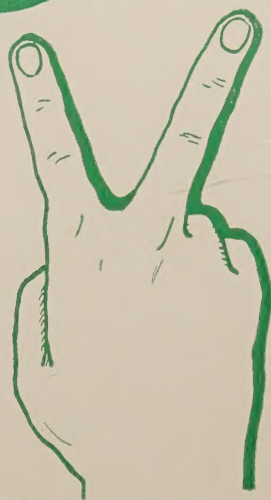
Useful Reading!

Faiths That Compete for My Loyalty

By Dwight E. Stevenson. A study of modern man's idols and what serving them means. A discussion of pagan substitutes competing with the Christian way of life (worship of material goods, the "eat, drink and be merry" philosophy, belief in the superiority of one group or race, fatalism, and the conviction that "might is right") . . . information about the Mormon, Spiritualist, Swedenborgian, Jehovah's Witnesses, Christian Science, Rosicrucian, Father Divine, House of David, Unity and Seven Day Adventist cults . . . an evaluation of world religions of Sikhism, Islam, Hinduism and Buddhism . . . a discussion of special heresies of modern Christianity (the case against churchless Christianity, legalism and literalism) . . . and reasons why the Christian way of life taught in our churches has more to offer each of us today. *For individual reading or for use in Sunday morning classes of young people and adults!* 50 cents

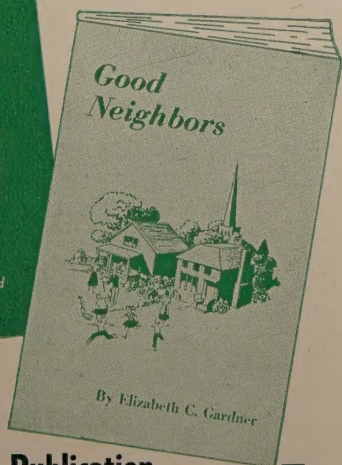
The
Class

The
Home



Enjoying the Bible at Home

By Anna Laura Gebhard. An illustrated booklet explaining how the Bible can enrich family living. The material includes suggestions for giving the Bible a voice in the home, telling stories from the Bible to children, exploring the new translations, seeking guidance from the Bible for family needs, and making the Bible live through family activities and games. There is a chapter explaining home resources that will help families enjoy the Bible more and a chapter on church resources. Particularly valuable is the chart showing the level of Bible understanding for children and youth from 1 to 17 years old and for adults, together with a listing of portions of the Bible meaningful to each age, suggested Scripture to memorize, activities, and resources that help. 50 cents



Good Neighbors

By Elizabeth C. Gardner. A helpful exposition on the lawyer's question to Jesus, "Who is my neighbor?" This illustrated booklet will guide adults to more Christian living in the community. The subjects discussed include: ways of being friendly with neighbors and showing consideration . . . suggestions for neighborly cooperation . . . how to get along with other people's children . . . how to avoid common causes of friction . . . ways of overcoming prejudices . . . good policies for borrowing and lending . . . how to share joys and sorrows of neighbors . . . community church activities . . . how to get along with church neighbors . . . community celebrating, gardening and planning projects. 50 cents

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